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The Hixonian

1921

Published Annually
by the
Senior Class of
The Hicksville High School



Vol. 6. 1921

Will You Write Your Name
in My Annual?



Foreword

*For the purpose of recalling many
pleasant days of the year just
passed we offer to you this
product of our labor.*

Hixonian



Hixonian

In
Dedication
to
Miss Mattie E. Moore

whose influence of former years is so vividly reflected in our present success. We, the Senior Class of 1921, dedicate this fifth volume of the "Hixonian" in appreciation of her long, faithful and untiring service in our schools.

Why should we weary of this life?
Our souls should widen, not contract,
Grow stronger, and not harden in the strife,
Filling each moment with a noble act;
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,
Doing our duty to our fellow men,
And striving rather to exalt our race
Than ourselves, with earnest hand or pen,
We shall erect our names, a dwelling place
Which not all ages shall cast down again.
Offsprings of time shall then be born each hour,
Which as the old earth lovingly shall guard,
To live forever in youth's perfect flower,
And guide her future children heavenward.

Lowell.



J. D. Serril

School Board



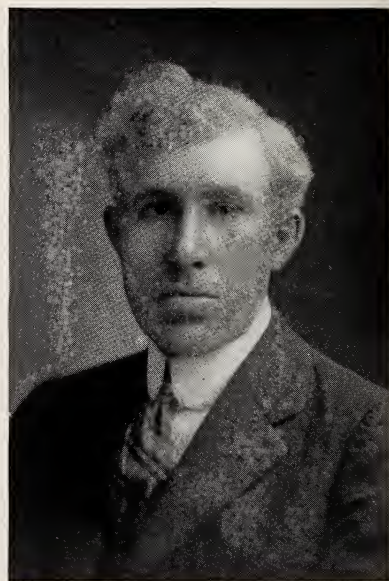
W. H. Cook, Pres.



M. H. Bevington, Clerk



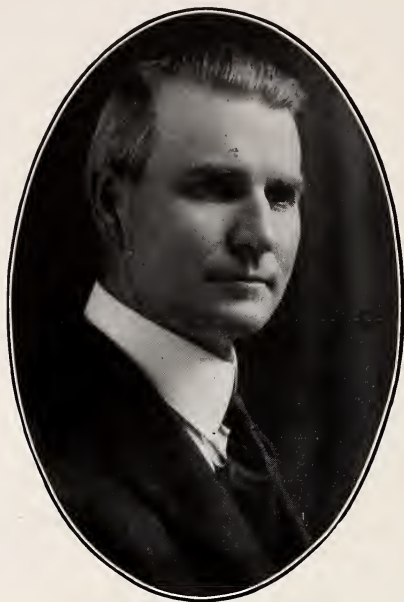
Clyde Cleland



Chas H. Volkert



FACULTY



H. S. ARMSTRONG
Superintendent



B. H. LUTTERBEIN, *Principal*
History



A. F. RANDOLPH
Mathematics



STELLA LILLY
English



GLADYS COOK
English



ONA FOWLER
Science



GERTRUDE CHASE
Home Economics



RUTH ICE
Latin

Hixonian



Eloise Correll, Assistant Editor; Gerald Palmer, Editor-in-chief; Mildred Longworth, Assistant Editor.

LeRoy Aten, Athletics; Grace Lash, Literary; DeLoy James, Business Manager; Esther Miller, Photographer; Donaldson Monosmith, Jokes; Kathryn Johnson, Society; Harold Armstrong, Assistant Business Manager; Genevieve McCormick, Jokes.

Jennie Horn, Jokes; Eldin Sholl, Cartoonist; Virginia James, Calendar; Lauren Bricker, Photographer; Vera Bauman, Alumni.



1921

Commencement Announcements

SENIOR RECEPTION TO FACULTY

Home of Mildred Longworth

Friday Evening, April 22

JUNIOR RECEPTION TO SENIORS

Masonic Parlors

Friday Evening, April 29

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, M. E. CHURCH

Sunday Evening, May 22

Dr. U. S. Bartz, Pastor Presbyterian Church

SENIOR CLASS PLAY, HUBER OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday Evening, May 24

"Mary Stuart"

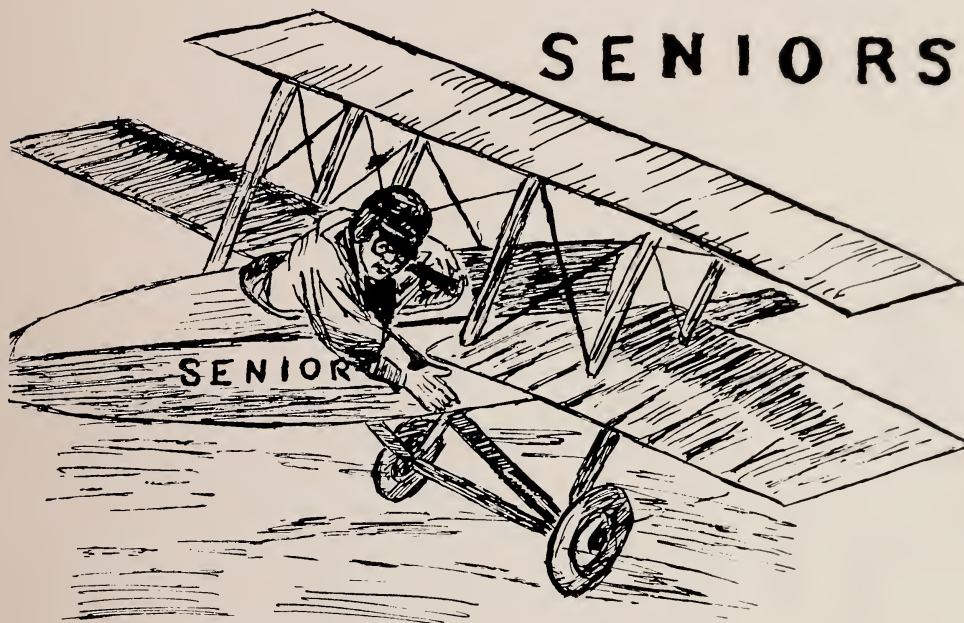
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, HUBER OPERA HOUSE

Thursday Evening, May 26

Class Address, Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas, Ann Arbor

ALUMNI BANQUET, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27

Classes



SENIORS



Senior Class Poem

Through four long terms of nine months each,
We've toiled and struggled very hard.
Each Senior now his goal has reached,
A diploma is his reward.

Rollicking Freshmen first were we,
Studying algebra so fine;
But we passed it by easily
And kept on speeding down the line.

We next met with geometry
A bit more difficult perhaps;
But Sophomores work heartily
And so we crossed the second lap.

Next in line came the Junior Year
With American literature.
Studying was necessary here,
And yet we passed it slow, but sure.

And now as Seniors, with a small
Amount of worldly knowledge learned
Within old Hicksville High School's walls
From which we now do sadly turn.

And as we through life wend our way
May each one meet with mirth and fun
And each one at some future day
Think of the class of '21.

—ELDIN SHOLL, '21.

Senior Class Officers

LEROY ATEN	<i>President</i>
HAROLD ARMSTRONG	<i>Vice-President</i>
ESTHER MILLER	<i>Secretary</i>
KATHRYN JOHNSON	<i>Treasurer</i>

Class Colors: Cherry Red and Nile Green

Class Motto: To Fail is Un-American

Class Flower: American Beauty Rose

Class Yell: However, wherever, always together!
Whatever, whenever, Class of '21 forever!

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LEROY ATEN

"Jud"

Adelphian
President, 4
Basketball, 3
Football, 3, 4
Business Manager Spoodrift, 3
Athletics Editor Hixonian, 4

I'm sure his popularity needs no introduction.

ESTHER MILLER

"Bill"

Athenian
Glee Club, 4
Secretary, 4
Photographer Hixonian, 4
Basketball, 2

Full of fun,
Full of wit,
Oh, we love her every bit.

Hixonian



ELOISE CORRELL

"Fat"

KATHRYN JOHNSON

"Kate"

Athenian Vice-President, 4
Glee Club, 4
Debating Society
Basketball, 1, 2, 3
Assistant Editor Hixonian, 4
Editor-in-Chief Spoodrift, 3
Historian

Adelphian
Valedictorian
Treasurer, 2, 3, 4
Society Hixonian
Society Spoodrift, 3
Debating Society

She has no 'love for children,
No love for woman or man,
But when it comes to homeless dogs
She has enough for ten.

Good scholarship, why, that's her middle
name.
Her earnest work and spirit won her
fame.

HAROLD ARMSTRONG

"Army"

Adelphia President, 4
Assistant Business Manager
Hixonian
Vice-President, 4
Orchestra, 2. 3. 4

A modern Anthony,
A slave to all women.

Hixonian



DONALDSON MONOSMITH

"Mony"

Athenian
Football, 3, 4
Baseball, 3
Basketball, 3
Jokes Hixonian, 4

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

DELOY JAMES

"Jamsie"

Adelphian Vice-President, 4
Business Manager Hixonian, 4
Debating Society, 4
Vice-President, 2

If there is anything better than to be
loved
It is to love.

JENNIE HORN

"Jen"

Adelphian Secretary, 4
Jokes Hixonian, 4
Glee Club, 3, 4
Debating Society, 4
Vice-President Glee Club, 4

My kingdom for some jazz.

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MILDRED LONGSWORTH

"Mid"

VERA BAUMAN

"Sis"

Athenian Secretary, 4
 Assistant Editor Hixonian, 4
 President Glee Club, 4
 Glee Club, 3, 4
 Class President, 2, 3
 Basketball, 2, 3
 Debating Society, 4

Adelphian
 Basketball, 3
 Alumni Hixonian, 4
 Alumni Spoon-drift, 3
 Latin Club, 4
 Treasurer, 1

When you're in trouble,
 Don't roam about.
 Just go to Mid,
 She'll help you out.

She's sweet when she's natural,
 And naturally sweet.

GERALD PALMER

"Parm"

Adelphian
 Editor-in-Chief Hixonian, 4
 Vice-President, 3
 Orchestra, 2, 3, 4
 Salutatorian
 Literary Spoon-drift, 3

Never forward in anything but his duty,
 And always there.

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MARY KENNER

Adelphian
Glee Club, 3,4
Latin Club, 4

Sweetness and modesty for her have won
A place in the heart of everyone.

"Molly"

VIRGINIA JAMES

Athenian
Calendar, Hixonian, 4

Very solemn does she look,
But you'd be surprised.

"Skinny"

GLENN BURGOWNE

"Dolly"

Football, 2, 3, 4
Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4
Basketball, 3

From a wild and wooly place he hails,
From cactus plants, horned toads and
snails.

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LEOTA HITT

Adelphian
Debating Society, 4
Latin Club, 4

She likes to laugh
And to make mirth,
To banish shadows
From the earth.

"Lee"

GENEVIEVE MCCORMICK

Adelphian
Glee Club, 4
Jokes, Hixonian, 4

"Mac"

Women are made to be loved,
Not to be analyzed, vivisected or under-
stood.

FORDYCE MOORE

Athenian

"Phin"

It's my opinion that the world will
never know half of what's in me, unless
something very unexpected turns up.

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LARUE PUGH

Athenian
Basketball, 1, 2
Debating Society, 4

"Peggy"

LAVERNE ZUBER

Athenian

"Zube"

Disposed to talk, harangue and chew,
Not Wrigley's, but the rag.

A perfect shining mark is she,
For schoolroom fun and jollity.

ELDIN SHOLL

"Jake"

Athenian
Cartoonist Hixonian, 4
Debating Society, 4

The world knows only two, Rome and me.

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LAUREN BRICKER

"Brick"

RAY LAUB

"Beans"

Athenian President, 4
Football, 4
Baseball, 3, 4
Photographer Hixonian, 4
Orchestra, 2, 3, 4

Adelphian

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Three-fifths of him is genius
And two-fifths sheer fudge.

GRACE LASH

"Lolly"

Adelphian
Secretary, 2, 3
Literary Hixonian, 4
Locals Spoon-drift, 3

If she will, she will, you may depend on
it,
If she won't, she won't, there's the end of
it.

School Vote

For something different it was decided to take a vote of all the H. H. S. pupils to determine their standing. Much interest was taken in the voting and in counting the votes afterwards. No hair pulling or serious fights took place as a result of this, because no prizes were given.

Most beautiful girl.....	Genevieve McCormick
Most handsome boy	Harold Armstrong
Most popular girl	Mildred Longworth
Most popular boy.....	LeRoy Aten
Peppiest girl	Eloise Correll
Peppiest boy	Burdette Custer
Grouchiest girl	Janet Griffin
Grouchiest boy	Ray Laub
Jolliest girl	Regina Bauman
Jolliest boy	Dallas Johnson

Class Prophecy

"A thought! A thought! My kingdom for a thought," said I, the prophetess elect of the class of twenty-one, as I paced my room with frenzied steps and feelings of despair. No common method could possibly be employed in fortelling the future of such a brilliant and remarkable class as had been put forth in nineteen twenty-one. Suddenly, like an inspiration, came the solution of the problem. Making ready, I boarded the Twentieth Century Air Liner and in a few hours found myself in India. Having been directed to the abode of the sorceress for whom I had been searching, I entered a large, mysterious room which had for its ornaments numerous skulls and the carpet was nothing less than green, velvety grass. All was dark. The only objects in the room were an old bone chair and an ivory cauldron placed on a golden tripod.

The witch agreed to reveal the future to me on one condition,—that I should look but for one hour.

At the hour of twelve the sorceress uttered the following words:

"Round about the cauldron go
In the poison'd entrails throw
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one.
Swelter'd vemon sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Immediately the vapors arose before me. Half stunned, half overcome, I drew near the cauldron and for the first time looked into that from which the vapors had arisen. At first I could see nothing but a boiling mass; however my eyes seemed fastened to the spot and soon there appeared a dim outline of the future.

The scene which first met my glance was that of a group of Africans standing in a circle listening to a short chubby man, who with perspiration streaming down his face, was trying to convince the negro populace as to the merits of incandescent lights. As the scene became a little clearer I recognized our classmate, Ray Laub. A short distance away I saw a sign hich read, "FOREIGN BRANCH GENERAL ELECTRIC." The scene fades.

My attention is then drawn to a figure bent and dusty who appears to be digging among what once must have been a populous city. Drawing near I recognized, though with difficulty, one of our students, Glenn Burgoyne, who explains that he is engaged in unearthing the ruins of Pompeii in order to ascertain if A-N-D is derived from the same stem as A-L-S-O; being not morbidly curious on the question, I look again into the future and at once a large room rises into view. Standing on the rostrum gesticulating wildly and with an earnestness which can not be mistaken is the famous lecturer of the day, Miss Eloise Josephine Correll. Her subject, "Why Women Do Not Wed," is handled in a most convincing and conclusive manner.

It has well been said, "Truth is stranger than fiction" and if this proverb had not flashed through my mind, I would have found it difficult to believe what I next saw. The scene was tropical in the extreme, the sun pouring down its rays unpitigly. "Surely none but natives can live in such a climate," but as I speak I hear the sweet strains, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," issuing from a log structure near by. Making my way there I found none other than Virginia James who is a missionary to the natives.

The next scene is entirely different. 'Tis a deaf and dumb institute at Indianapolis. Entering the school room I approached the teacher who welcomed me with a hearty handshake and whom I recognized as Fordyce Moore. Hastily recalling my knowledge of the alphabet, I am enabled to converse with him enough to learn that the misfortune was caused by the continued neglect of the vocal cords used in conversation.

I am next permitted to behold the future destiny of two of our brilliant students. The scene is one of the grammar grades of Clear Lake, Michigan, and there calmly teaching the big boys and girls to conjugate the verb "go" is the tall and graceful personage of Miss Mary Kenner; while in the high school as a special teacher in sewing, LaVerne Zuber reigns supreme.

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At this moment the striking of the half hour warns me that the time is passing and I must hurry over the views. The place of my next visit is the city of Washington. I learn that Eldin Sholl has been elected President of the United States, and he, accompanied by his wife, whom we all now know as Grace Lash, are proceeding to the capitol building where Eldin is to take the oath of office. They are accompanied by their two tiny sons who are being carried by their father.

I am next transported to the beautiful but frivolous city of Paris. There the city is ringing with praises for the youthful designer of fashions who is making the name of Pugh yet more famous. I inquire the name of the noted person to find it was Mme. LaRue Pugh. Ah Fame! How unequal are thy favors!

I am now most anxious to know the fate of one of our most brilliant students, DeLoy James. 'Twas long ago predicted that he would rise above his fellowmen; and his friends' fond hopes have not been disappointed, as he has at least reached a point, where all men "look up" to him, being weather reporter on the top of Pike's Peak. He is accompanied by his loyal and brave wife, a graduate of '20, who will be remembered as Miss Doris Armstrong.

I now seem to enter a crowded court room in the thriving town of Edgerton. I stop to listen to the clear, ringing tones of a lawyer who is making a forcible and convincing appeal to the jury. The tones are clear but so modulated that I perceive that it is not the usual lawyer's manner of address. Pressing forward I get a view of the speaker and can readily fathom the crowd's admiration, for the speaker is a woman and that woman is Leota Hitt.

In passing along the streets of this city I noted an advertisement in a shop window which read thus, "PROF. LAUREN J. BRICKER WHO IS COMPETENT TO TEACH BASEBALL PLAYING, SKATING, DANCING, THE UPKEEP OF LINKS, OR ANY DIFFICULT ATTAINMENT. TERMS MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION." Surely some men are born for greatness.

The next scene was indeed a surprise. Coming out of a theatre was Madame De Murfei, who was known to us as Vera Bauman. Madam was just as the close of a successful six months' run at the New York Hippodrome of "Sir Launcelot's Fall" of which company she was leading lady. She recognized me and asked me to have tea with her in her rooms at the Waldorf. She started to tell me of her struggle to gain the fame which she now had, but before she had finished the scene changes and I next see a large campus on which are situated beautiful buildings.

I entered the largest and before me is a body of girls assembled in the college chapel Prof. Harold Armstrong is addressing them on the subject, "Why Women are Inferior to Men." Instead of listening to what he was forcibly expounding, some of the girls were saying, "Isn't he good looking? Gee! I wonder if he would take me to the dance to-night?"

Harold's presence reminded me of Genevieve McCormick and while wondering about her the scene changes quickly to dear little Hicksville which is not now so small as was once thought. The streets are crowded but dodging in and out I see Genevieve McCormick in her private car, a Ford coupe. She is spending the summer in the city where her husband is prospering in the Ford business.

Now I must tell you what I saw next. In one of the large churches on Broadway, Rev. J. D. Monosmith is delivering his morning address and while amazingly looking on, he leaves the rostrum and waves of sweet music filled the air, which held the vast congregation spell-bound.

Upon inquiring I found that Mrs. Monosmith was favoring her husband's congregation with a selection on the pipe-organ, at which accomplishment she is an artist. Imagine my amazement when upon further inquiry I found he had married our Valedictorian, Kathryn Johnson.

There is quite a contrast between this peaceful scene and what I saw next. Shot and shell were bursting all around. There in the midst of it all, was our brave Class President, Major LeRoy Aten. He had fought many battles in high school and as he was talented in fighting, had entered the Japanese-American War. LeRoy had won great fame and alone was forcing the enemy to turn back. His praise was sung by every loyal American. However LeRoy did not seem able to forget the women, as he was quite popular with the little Japanese girls.

Who is this I see? After looking closer I recognize myself. I stopped to admire some models of the latest coiffures. Being interested I opened my vanity bag and found

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that my hair needed dressing so I entered the building. It consisted of one room which was massive and divided into two parts. The one that interested me more was the manicuring department, as there, doing her best to give satisfaction to the old and young men alike, was Jennie Horn. I learned that she had a large patronage and the men were as fond of her as ever. She had not married because of the difficulty of choosing. It certainly was startling when all at once the scene went back to the city of Washington. There was the House of Senate and who was that I saw? Surely not Gerald Palmer! Yes, Gerald was a great man. That was the reason he held the position which he now had as the Speaker of the Senate. I began to see clearly why Eloise was the great lecturer on, "Why Women Do Not Wed."

There was a moment of rest as if the spell had been broken and I was disappointed as I knew there was some one whom I had not seen. Then dimly an outline appeared. It seemed to be a town and yet a body of small cities and even different countries. It was not long until I learned that I was in Hollywood. I followed a group of young men to the banks of a large body of water and with the rest of them stood admiring the beautiful young actress who was just finishing her first production as the star of the cast. I recognized at once our little Esther Miller.

Having seen the whole class pass before my eyes, I was eager to know my own fate but just then the clock rang out the hour of one, the spell was broken, and I could do naught but take my departure.

Now, dear classmates,

"If the future as pictured seems mean
Blame not me because the witch was not keen.
Bear in mind wherever your future may turn
That we are Americans and fail not to learn.
Not on words of prophet or wishes of friends
But on your own effort your future depends.
I may guess and guess wrong as I probably have done
You can work and work right and the prize will be won."

Mildred M. Longworth, '21.



Class History

Hollywood, California,

April 21, 1929.

Dear Old Pals:—

We are so very lonesome away out here that any news from Hicksville gives us much enjoyment. That is why we are answering so soon for we do want all of you to write often. Only please don't tell us what you read in the papers about our rapid success in the movie world. We really are fatigued from answering so many congratulations. It surely was an easily found success for little did we think that our tour through the golden west would bring us such good fortune. Yet way down deep in our hearts there is always a desire to be back in the old home town among our people and we actually long to be back in the circles of our old classmates. Oh! how soon those years slipped by,—too soon for us to fully appreciate and enjoy them.

Do you girls remember Miss Moore, our first teacher? How we loved and honored her. She helped us plant that vine near the Main Street entrance. Is it still there or was it destroyed when the new building was erected? What a flood of memories it brings back. How much fun it would be to go back to that day when the bottles full of names and the roots of the plant were lowered into their grave and then covered with black earth by a few of our energetic boys. Then off we scampered to play leap frog, never thinking that in a few short years those very bottles would be removed from the earth by the young men who as boys had helped to bury them.

Miss Brink was our second grade teacher and do you know girls, we met her on the street in Los Angeles! She didn't know us, of course, nor we her, but she dropped her card case and on picking it up we read the name, Dora B. Kirke. We had a fine visit while we lunched together. She had not forgotten our class and she told us of many little things that happened. Through her we remembered little Dallas Crowl. You recall him, do you not, and how deeply we were touched by his sudden death?

And like the little vine we had planted we grew and grew. Our third, fourth, fifth and sixth years slipped past, overflowing with marks of growing ability. Tender memories bring back tiny incidents that make them seem like yesterday.

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It was in September of 1915 that with unsophisticated pride we rose to the second floor. Each of us possessed a grown-up feeling as we mounted the stairs for the first time. Wasn't that queer? Miss Beerbower with unusual patience, guided us through. It was there that so many of us went to the office for writing notes. How frightened we were as we faced Superintendent Armstrong with guilty conscience pricking. Then the next year found us in a thorough course of training for our high school career. Miss McCauley was in charge and we owe her a great deal for influencing us at the right time toward high ideals and a desire for success. It was during that year that your friends, Miss Lash and Miss Correll first acquired their taste for the stage and found valuable training in the "Patriotic Peanut Stand." Well, those days are gone. Only memories are left but they remain near and dear.

Then came our life in high school. Some still remained boys and girls during the Freshman course while others budded into young men and women. What a time we had with Latin! To acquire the old Roman tongue seemed impossible to us and more impossible to Miss Ward. Cherry Red and Nile Green were our colors. I wonder if it was the beauty of the combination or the wild desire to outshine the other classes that made us choose them. Nevertheless we loyally stood by them for four years and to this day they remain the most beautiful colors to us.

It was the Sophomore year in which we so "gallantly" fought for our class and her standards. We wanted to fight for our country and for our flag. But, alas, we were too young, so we tactfully substituted the Junior Class as objects of our patriotism. It was then that we proved the shining qualities of our colors for their brilliancy was never subdued.

Our awakening came when we were Juniors, don't you think so? It was there for the first time that we began to think seriously of the outside world and what she held in store for us. Our class was full of all kinds of talent and most of it blossomed that year. What energy and pep we put into the "Spoondrift" and what a wonderful little paper we published. We have been receiving a copy each month from the H. H. S. It's quite a magazine now isn't it,—so different from our little one. But there is still the same spirit of school loyalty as there was when it was first born and christened.

What a glorious time we had in our last year. Yes, it is true that as we journeyed along many lost the steady pace it required to win, and our members grew fewer and fewer. Our class was small, but it was quality not quantity which counted. We were "all wool." Wasn't it fun to get together at Annual Staff Meetings or Play Practice? What good times we had! And say, girls, do you remember the night our cooking class entertained the teachers and the night of our carnival? Oh! why did it pass so quickly? Oh! why couldn't we always keep on going to school without responsibility and with joyous care-free laughter, to while the hours away. No! we had to leave,—the world was calling for us and we had to go. What a sad moment it was when, dressed in our caps

Hixonian

and gowns with diplomas in hand, we sang the farewell song. It was gone like the passing of a minute. We were left with only cherished memories of our youthful days.

Well, dear girls, since we have a dinner engagement with Wallace Reid and Tom Meigham, we must close and spend the next hour in dressing. Please write soon for we are very anxious to hear all about our old home. Always remember us. We'll come back to see you in the near future. Then we'll have a grand old reunion under the old Cherry Red and Nile Green.

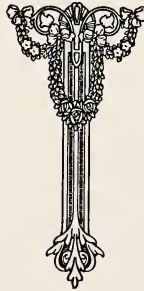
With lots of love,

GRACE I. LASH

ELOISE J. CORRELL

P. S. We are sending you a box to be opened on the anniversary of our graduation day. We hope it will bring back to you more vividly the 26th of May of 1921.

G. I. I. and E. J. C.







Bruggeman, R. M.; Cleland, F. P.; B. Kline, M. D.; Applegate, L. F.; Murl
Wentworth, J. S.
Hadsell, F. G.; C. Wentworth, O. B.; Johnston, H. C.; Armstrong, P. B.;
Kleckner, M. K.
Coughanour, D. D.; W. Warfield, G. S.; Mohr, P. G.; Steele, V. B.; Burgoyne,
H. M.
Keller, V. G.; Brush, W. H.; Weaner, S. S.; Warner S. B.; Leslie, P. M.



Reas, F. H.; Waltenberger, Q. H.; Bauman, F. J.; Miller, B. B.; Griffin, D. F.
 Culler, H. T. M.; Lenz, B. C.; Arrowsmith, W. S.; Conine, K. P.; Ames, R. A.
 Stahl, N. S.; Alson, D. M.; N. Warfield, A. S.; H. Kline, V. S.
 Martha Wentworth, P. M.; Driver, B. E.; Deardorf, P. C.; Collins, F. S.; Batter-
 shell, L. L.

Code of Junior Degrees

L. L.....	Lazy Lizz
N. S.....	Never Still
B. C.....	Boy Chaser
W.H.....	Woman Hater
H. T. M....	Human Talking-machine
P. B.....	Peroxide Blonde
F. S.....	Fat and Sassy
Q. H.....	Quite Harmless
B. E.....	Big Eater
W. S.....	Winning Smile
P. C.....	Poor Crumb
B. B.....	Bashful Boy
L. F.....	Lady Fusser
P. M.....	Potato Masher
R. M.....	Rural Maiden
H. M.....	Happily Married
F. G.....	Foxy Grandpa
D. M.....	Demure Maiden
H. C.....	Hearty Cackler
F. J.....	Fickle Jane
D. D.....	Dallas' Dear
S. S.....	Star Speller
P. M.....	Perpetual Motion
F. P.....	Full of Pep
A. S.....	Always Slow
F. H.....	Fickle Hearted
K. P.....	Knowledge Parker
D. F.....	Duty First
V. G.....	Village Gossip
M. D.....	Man's Downfall
V. S.....	Very Substantial
P. G.....	Peppy Girl
V. B.....	Vampy Blonde
G. S.....	Good Student
O. B.....	Oh, Boy
J. S.....	Juniors' Standby
R. A.....	Rather Aimless
M. K.....	Mighty Keen
S. B.....	Slick Boy

Junior Class Roll

OFFICERS

DALLAS JOHNSTON	<i>President</i>
CARLUS MILLER	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN ARROWSMITH	<i>Secretary</i>
MARTHA WENTWORTH	<i>Treasurer</i>

Emma Bruggeman	Murl Wentworth	Martha Wentworth
William Cleland	LaVerne Armstrong	Ida Driver
Reign Hadsell	Maynard Kleckner	Regina Bauman
Carrie Wentworth	Gladys Steele	Helen Arrowsmith
Faith Coughanour	Mary Burgoyne	Forest Deardorf
Wanda Warfield	Roger Warner	Carlus Miller
Annabel Keller	Amelia Leslie	Janet Griffin
Lawrence Brush	Agnes Reas	Lucille Conine
Berdina Kline	Julius Waltenberger	Richard Ames
Dallas Johnston	Wendell Culler	Naomi Warfield
Mary Lee Mohr	Ercel Lenz	Berdina Kline
LaVerne Weaner	Juanita Stahl	Verna Collins
Lauren Applegate	Alma Olson	Fern Battershell

Class Colors: Crimson and Gray

Class Flower: Red Carnation

Class Motto: "Not at the Top But Climbing."

Class Yell: H. H. S.! H. H. S.!

Class of '22, yes, yes, yes!

We'll be on top and there we'll stay,

For we wear the crimson and gray.

Junior Class History

It is well to note the progress or history of any organization, individual or class that has achieved great fame or renown as an example or standard set for others. Therefore, harken to the history of the Class of '22.

On the sixth of September, 1918, thirty boys with knee pants and thirty girls with starched gingham, in all, sixty loudly beating hearts lived through the first day of their great high school career. They were confronted with new conditions and problems, but they soon became adapted to their surroundings and proved to be one of the "shiniest classes in school." They were equally divided between the two literary societies, Athenian and Adelpian, and furnished members for the contests. They also chose the beautiful colors of crimson and gray to lead them on to victory. Much had been accomplished at the end of the first year, and with few less in number they entered upon their second year as Sophomores. Here they delved into the mysterious conundrums of Caesar, Geometry, History and English, as well as the pleasures of the social world. At the end of a year these things were all mastered and they confronted their third year.

When they entered school again they came as a jolly bunch of Juniors, who were well represented in athletics, the debating club and other high school activities. They also took up the delightful but not easy task of editing the Spoonrift, the school paper. Their Junior year was the most successful they had so far encountered.

They now confront their last year when they will be dignified Seniors and set examples for lower classmen. But wherever they wander on life's pathway, they will ever remember their high school motto, "Not at the top but climbing."

—MURL WENTWORTH, '22.

Junior Class Poem

List! to a tale of the Junior Class,
Forty in all, every lad and lass,
Merry and gay, industrious too,
Having some fun and yet getting through.

Crimson and gray our colors so fair,
Tell to the world as they wave in air
Our motto which we hope to attain,
“Not at the Top but Climbing,” our aim.

Johnston, our president, tall and straight,
Stands for the right whatever the fate.
Other officers too deserve praise
In which we all our voices should raise.

Mathematics, English and History
No longer to us seem a mystery,
If we do not quite understand
Teachers lend us a helping hand.

As Juniors we edit the “Spoondrift”
Monthly paper of humor and thrift.
It’s not alone for the Junior Class
But the whole school every lad and lass.

Yes, we’re all like a band of brothers
Making the school better for others,
As Juniors we’ve tried to do our best
Next year we leave our place to the rest.

Yet not for the school but for life we learn,
Each daily lesson will help us earn
Our place in the busy world of strife
A part in the vast rewards of life.

—JANET GRIFFIN, '22.

Hixonian





Sophomores



L. Zuber, Bevington, Fry, Lucas, Hinsch
Jordan, Mavis, Blosser, Miller

Rodocker, Bates, Link, Cottrel, L. Haver
Hofmeister, McClellan, Volkert, R. Battershell

Sophomores



T. Johnson, Bowen, Otis, N. Haver, Baker
Fitzcharles, Timbrook, Rector, Alexander

Hart, M. Johnson, Blythe, Mann
Custer, Warner, Mapes, Newton

Sophomore Class Roll

OFFICERS

KATHLEEN HART	<i>President</i>
LAVON MILLER	<i>Vice-President</i>
CHARLES RECTOR	<i>Secretary</i>
CLARENCE JORDAN	<i>Treasurer</i>

Isabelle Rodocker
 Geraldine Bates
 Florence Link
 Dorothy Cottrell
 Leota Haver
 Raymond Hofmeister
 Dale McClellan
 Guy Volkert
 Robert Battershell
 Leontine Zuber
 Katherine Bevington
 Pauline Fry

Lauretta Lucas
 Mildren Hinch
 Clarence Jordan
 Olen Mavis
 John Blosser
 LaVon Miller
 Thae Johnson
 Leila Bowen
 Arlene Otis
 Nora Haver
 Nellie Baker

Kathleen Hart
 Mae Johnson
 Marguerite Blythe
 Doris Mann
 Herschel Fitzcharles
 LaVon Timbrook
 Charles Rector
 Olen Alexander
 Burdette Custer
 Douglas Warner
 Harry Mapes
 Eugene Newton

Class Colors: Purple and Gold

Class Motto: We'll find a way or make one

Class Flower: Violet

Class Yell: Purple and gold! Purple and gold!
 The royal colors as we are told.
 Are we in it? Well I guess yes,
 We're the Sophomores of the H. H. S.

Sophomore History

The Class of '23 started its high school career with about sixty members. Each and every one of these determined to make his or her class "the best." We chose purple and gold for our colors and stuck to them through thick and thin. In all athletic sports we showed an unexcelled ability. Of course we were rather green, all Freshies are, but we soon overcome that and exhibited our real worth.

In the fall of 1919 we again rallied in the old school building and checked up. There were only about forty-five this year. We started out right away to uphold our standard. We again showed our high spirit of loyalty by our contribution to athletics. When the Carnival was given we backed it to the limit. Of course with the intellects, pep and ability of the Class of '23 we are sure to go sky high. Watch us.

LAVON MILLER '23

HARRY MAPES-BURDETTE CUSTER

Here are two Sophomores who deserve special mention. Last fall when the school seemed slow to appreciate the football team these two boys led the yells and created a great deal of enthusiasm. As one member of the squad expressed it, "If we had a hundred people who would yell like those fellows we could defeat Yale."

We hope to have Custer and Mapes on the football team next year unless they prove too valuable on the side lines.

Sophomore Class Poem

Our Freshman year was a grand success,
We did it with work and cheerfulness.
As Sophomores too we're making good
Because some said we never could.

We're well represented in everything,
Even in the Glee Club where you have to sing.
In all athletics requiring great skill
We pull other classes right down the hill.

We will work in the morning and work a'l night,
We will work and work and fight and fight
To make our class a grand success
That will reflect much glory on the H. H. S.

So to the Sophomore let's give a toast,
And let this ever be our boast—
We will do our best till our best is done,
And this will be outdone by none.

JOHN BLOSSER '23



FRESHMEN

Freshman



OTIS, TOWNSEND, RUGER, ARRANTS, GETROST, FORDER, BOND, HOVARTER, KRONTZ,
WAGONER, CLARK, PALMER, R. HOOK, E. MILLER, KELLEY, HART.

EDSON, F. HOOK, SNYDER, THOMPSON, BROWN, JOLLY, HADSELL, MOORE, ROSE,
TOWNSEND, J. HOOK, MIDDAGH, KARR, HADSELL, CHAMPION.

Freshman



WIDNEY, MILLER, JOHNSON, DORSEY, M. SMITH, HOFF, REAS, BURLINGAME, SMITH,
HURNI, MAXWELL, GRIEST, O'NEIL, WYCOFF, HOFMEISTER, WRIGHT, BOWAKER.

WARTENBEE, CLAY, MAXWELL, PETERS, JOHNSON, W. PETERS, SHULL, BERE, HEFTY,
HEFTY, SHRIDER, CRUIKSHANK, HOOTMAN, MCKAHN, MILLER.

Freshman Class

OFFICERS

RALPH HOOK	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
WARD HART	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice President</i>
MAURINE HADSELL	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
CLEO EDSON	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>

Angie Arrants
 Daisy Baree
 Melissa Bond
 Mildred Brown
 Irene Burlingame
 Violet Clay
 Zelda Dorsey
 Geraldine Getrost
 Florence Hefty
 Marie Hoff
 Fern Hook
 Wildred Hovarter
 Frances Johnson
 Helen Johnson
 Garnet Krentz
 Grace Maxwell
 Lucille Miller
 Mary Moore
 Carol Otis

Wilma Peter
 Vera Reas
 Marie Rose
 Freida Ruger
 LaVerne Shull
 Marjorie Smith
 Dorothy Thompson
 Viletta Townsend
 Iva Wartenbee
 Dorothy Widney
 Bessie Forder
 Zelma Peter
 Elanor Snyder
 Virgil Bowker
 Jesse Champion
 Goff Clark
 William Cruikshank
 Gerald Griest
 Deloss Hadsell

Arthur Hefty
 Virgil Hofmeister
 Merle Hootman
 Lynn Hurni
 Forrest Karr
 Robert McKahn
 Russel Kelley
 Ray Maxwell
 Ray Middaugh
 Paul Miller
 Donald O'Neil
 Floyd Palmer
 Carl Shrider
 Gale Smith
 Forrest Townsend
 Roscoe Wagoner
 Ronald Wright
 Donald Wycoff
 John Hook

Class Colors: Old Rose and White

Class Motto: Work while you work,
 Play while you play;
 On the road to success,
 That is the way.

Class Flower: Pink Carnation

Class Yell: Class of '24, Hicksville High,
 Are we loyal? Aye, aye, aye,
 We are a peaceful class, but sometimes we fight,
 For our class colors, Old Rose and White.

Freshmen Class History

September, 1920 at last arrived and with it the entrance of the largest Freshman class ever known in the H. H. S. There is always a longing in the hearts of the pupils in the grades to be called Freshies, even if they are the cause of much amusement to the upper classmen for the first few weeks.

In spite of the fact that we made many mistakes and often provoked a laugh, we are now enrolled as sixty-five very enthusiastic H. S. students, ready to gain our way to better things, perhaps to fame.

Ralph Hook, as president, has the honor of starting us forth as a class on our four-year career. The other officers of the class are as follows: Vice-President, Ward Hart; Secretary, Maurine Hadsell; Treasurer, Cleo Edson.

Our class is noted for its activity. Not to be outdone by our superiors, we have enjoyed several social occasions. We have contributed liberally to the literary society programs of the year and much is expected of the musical talent of the class. Quite a number of the members of the class are planning to join Hart's Band and are now taking the preparatory steps. This will indeed increase the musical talent of the H. H. S.

The Freshman Class is loyal to the to the school in all phases of its activity. This is shown by the attendance of the members at the athletic contents, by their hearty cheers for the team, by their singing in chapel and, in short, by their hearty cooperation in all high school undertakings.

The patience and kindness of the teachers should be considered on account of the large number of Freshmen. Without their guidance and help our first year would have been a difficult one, but with their assistance we are progressing on our way, and will soon be called "Sophies."

Freshmen Class Poem

When we entered on the first lap
Of our educational race,
We were sixty-five in number,
Sixty-five to set the pace.

We were a lucky number,
First in work and first in play,
Just a bunch of little Freshies,
But we've shown them all the way.

We selected as our emblem,
The good old colors, rose and white,
And although they're not so loud,
They surely speak our might.

The Freshman class has done its best
To support the school spirit bold,
We'll contribute our part to the H. H. S.,
Till the sun and the earth grow cold.

And now as we finish the Freshman heat,
With all its joys and fears,
We hope for better records yet,
At the start of the Sophomore year.

We will journey on through high school
As other classes have of yore,
But we'll write our name in the hall of fame
As the "Class of Twenty-four."

DELOSS HADSELL '24

Organizations

L I T E R A R Y



Class Play

“Mary Stuart”

Huber Opera House, Tuesday, May 24

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Elizabeth, Queen of England.....	Eloise Correll
Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, a prisoner in England.....	Mildred Longworth
Hannah Kennedy, her nurse.....	Vera Bauman
Margaret Carl, her attendant.....	Mary Kenner
Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.....	Harold Armstrong
George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.....	Dcnaldson Monosmith
William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer.....	LeRoy Aten
Sir William Davidson, Secretary of State.....	Leota Hitt
Sir Amias Paulet, Keeper of Mary.....	Lauren Bricker
Sir Edward Mortimer, his nephew.....	DeLoy James
Count Bellievre, Envoy Extraordinary from France.....	Jennie Horn
Count L'Aubespine, the French Ambassador.....	La Rue Pugh
Sir Drue Drury, another keeper of Mary.....	Fordyce Moore
Sir Andrew Melvil, her house steward.....	Ray Laub
Burgoyne, her physician.....	Glenn Burgoyne
Earl of Kent.....	Grace Lash
Sheriff of the County and Officer of the Guard.....	Eldin Shull
Officer of the Guard.....	Gerald Palmer
Pages	Virginia James, Esther Miller
Ladies of the Court.....	Genevieve McCormick, Kathryn Johnson
First Lady in Mary's Court.....	Laverne Zuber

A Last Word

As the time for other Senior Class activities draws near, the Hixonian must be finished and sent to the printer. One task is completed only to begin another. Because of this rush and general commotion the Senior year is especially remembered.

It is said that "all work makes Jack a dull boy" but I feel safe in speaking for the entire staff that the publishing of a year book is not all work; it has indeed been a pleasure to shoulder the responsibility intrusted and to try with all effort to fulfill the expectations of those intrusting such responsibility. A successful life involves the same principle.

In the publication of this annual some new problems have been met and have demanded a solution. With the cooperation of the staff, the school and the public in general, it is hoped they have been solved satisfactorily. The greatest problem has been the cost of producing a publication of this kind. The reader must judge for himself how effectively we have solved such problems.

Especially, I wish to thank Mr. Lutterbein for the untiring zeal and effort he has put forth in making this a high class publication. Mr. Armstrong deserves much thanks for his suggestions and criticisms while the entire faculty may be thanked for the willing hand shown on the part of each member. I make no mistake in thanking the members of the staff very heartily.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Spoon-drift

The Spoon-drift first made its appearance in December, 1919, under the editorship and guidance of the Junior Class of '20 or Senior Class of '21. This year it was published by the Junior class and has put forth luxuriant blossoms by the combined efforts of these two classes. Just because the Spoon-drift was published by Juniors did not imply that it was a Junior paper but a paper for everybody and every class in the H. H. S. It was enthusiastically patronized by the pupils and the teachers should be commended for their cooperation to benefit this paper since their aid was indispensable in publishing it.

The publication contained articles on athletics, school activities and social functions of the H. H. S., original editorials, jokes and last but not least that indefinable something, "pep." The paper ranked high along the literary line with other school papers, and not a pupil of the H. H. S. was ever heard to utter a single complaint against his school paper. Practically all of the material of the Spoon-drift was the original work of the Junior class giving them a zeal for literary work that it is hoped will help them in later years. Five editions were published last year and eight this year. Thus the growth of this paper may be perceived and next year it is sincerely hoped that nine copies may make their appearance. The Spoon-drift kept in touch with other schools by keeping up a large circulation in many states of which a few may be mentioned such as New York, Michigan, Texas, Indiana and, of course, Ohio.

Perhaps in after years as the students of the H. H. S. are passing through the sunshine and shadows of life it may be a great source of pleasure to them to call back, in a measure, the days that are gone.

The students who contribute to, or help in any way to bring the Spoon-drift to its present standing, realize that many improvements can yet be made. Keep in touch with this little publication and it will be interesting to watch when new forces take hold of the work. It is predicted by the Juniors of '21 that the publication of the Juniors of '22 will reach a higher state of efficiency as a result of the new class taking over the management. So next year promises to be a banner year for the Spoon-drift as the Juniors of '22 have talents that will be used to the best of their ability, for a "Bigger and Better Spoon-drift."

The Spoodrift

Published by the Junior Class of the Hicksville High School every four weeks.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief, Martha Wentworth
Associate Editors, Alma Olson
Janet Griffin
Literary, Murl Wentworth
Athletics, Carins Miller
Lords, Agnes Reas
Society, Regina Bauman
Photographer, Maynard Kleckner
Business Manager, Loren Applegate
Circulation Manager, William Cleland
Faculty Advisor, Miss Lilly

"PEP"

How many of us have seen I'll venture to say about every five. What is the meaning? Are we just natural? don't we have time to mix an ounce of so of pep into S.? If we are lazy, let's get After all, laziness is only a If we don't have time we find some. If we can do no at least we can prepare o with a little more energy. be likened to pepper with w seasons her meals. Ho taste without it—not fit course! Well, that's just with a high school. Its not interesting place without a lit M. A. W. '22.

EDISON

Edison, our great inventor, slily the man who has done for the improvement of our possesses a genius which does not have. The thing we should glean from his life is that he, having plenty to support him, is working unselfishly. He is not working for fame or money but for the betterment of civilization. He is making his "footsteps upon the sands of time." We cannot all have his talent but it is for us in one way or another to be a betterment to mankind, and leave something by which the future generation will be helped.—W. C. '22.

LINCOLN

This man has been discussed by many people many times and probably will be for generations to come. His work was so great that he can never be praised enough. In his early life his hardships were many and without his great ambition he would have amounted to nothing. He was an abrupt, old spoken man and underrated himself greatly. In his Gettysburg address he thought he had made a failure when he was given no

plause. He was a homely man but down under this homeliness he had a big heart which could encompass the whole of America and Lowell was right when he said that Lincoln was the one real American.—L. A. '22.

MAKE YOURSELF COUNT

Are you a figure head in life's noisy battle or "up and doing" all the time? Abolish the idea that there is no place for you. Make one! Life is just one great round of competition. Everyone, whether a beggar or a millionaire can do some one thing better than another. Develop this trait and make yourself count, not necessarily in the larger things of life but in the smaller duties. We are sent to school for the purpose of obtaining an education. Make the best of the oppor-

smile costs the least, and does the most. The person who practices wearing a sunny face is never without friends. Moreover it helps a lot which things ahead of you look prett' black. If you get into the habit of looking for the silver linings of your dark clouds, the bumps will not seem nearly so large. There is enough sadness and sorrow in the world without making it more so by wearing a gloomy countenance. Did you ever notice how catching a smile is? If no begin practicing it today, and watch the result. Smile!—A. J. R.—'22.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH GIRL

Stop! Look! Read This

THE LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club, recently organized in H. H. S. met for the first time January 5, at the home of William Cruickshank. At eight o'clock the meeting was called to order by the president, Vera Bauman, and the minutes of the previous meeting were read by Janet Griffin. Following these formalities came the entertainment which was in charge of Carrie Wentworth, chairman of the program committee. The program was both educational and entertaining. There were several talks dealing with the habits, life and customs of the early Romans, also some musical numbers. About nine o'clock the meeting was formally closed. There followed a social hour during which refreshments were served.



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dent of the United States. When we were mere children and thought of George Washington the first incident that came to our memory was "George and the cherry tree." His noble character and numerous acts of bravery made him the "Father of His Country."

His genius as a commander in battle is never to be forgotten. Let us also remember George Washington as: "First in War and first in Peace, First in the hearts of his Countrymen."

SMILES

Some one has said that a smile is like a barrel-organ—it holds our good qualities together. But I think it is more than that. A smile brings out our good qualities, makes them more apparent and if we haven't any it will help develop some for us. It is the cheapest thing in the world, yet it is the most valuable. A pleasant

was finally so full that we were obliged to close the show at ten thirty. Though running only an hour and a half, ten dollars, of which one was expended, was paid by curious sightseers.

THE BATHING BEAUTIES

In room three the Freshman Class put on a show advertised as "The Bathing Beauties." Pictures of Mark Sennett's Bathing Beauties were hung around the entrance. Florence Hefty, Angie Arrante and Melissa Bond tied in clogs, paper dresses each in turn explained to the public the bathing beauties and helped the boys advertise the show. The people were somewhat surprised to find the bathing beauties to be two little gold fish. Though gold fish many seem to be insignificant and very common things, the proceeds from the show were ten dollars and twenty-five cents.

sists of 2 molars, 8 canines, 6 capids, and 8 incisors.
(ix) Abraham Lincoln was born in an old log cabin which he helped his father build.

(x) Shakespeare's best comedies are "Nothing Much Doing" and "Just As You Say."

(xi) The first great electrician was Nohah—he made the arc light on Mt. Ararat.

"Ever hear of chloroform?"
"Of course."
"Don't breathe it."

Miss Lilly: William, I have to laugh every time I look at you

"Don't pick on me," said the banjo, "I'm all unstrung!"

"Tis not how much, but how well you read."

Latin Club



Van Arsdale, Lucas, Bond, Kenner, Bauman, Wentworth, Hitt, Otis, Arrants.
Smith, Mann, Otis, Griffin, Bruggeman, Wentworth, Hadsell.
Moore, Beree, Haver, Arrowsmith, Reas, Rose.

A very recent organization in the H. H. S. and also one of worthy recognition is the Latin Club. Upon the suggestion and with the help of the Latin teacher, Miss Ice, it was organized and officers were elected. Vera Bauman held the position of president; Janet Griffin, secretary and treasurer; Carrie Wentworth, chairman of the program committee. The purpose of the club was two-fold; to develop socially and educationally. Many of the Seniors, Juniors, and a large part of the Sophomores were unacquainted with newcomers in the Latin department. By having some songs, games, and a general good time after the regular meeting, a spirit of friendship was created among the Latin pupils.

Each club program aimed to touch upon some topic of interest to a student of Latin. Previous to the meetings different students prepared talks and papers dealing with the habits, costumes, manners, and, in general, the life of the early Romans. Some of these articles, if closely observed, were of value in other departments as well as in the Latin. For an example, in studying the religion of the Romans, the gods and goddesses, their relation to each other and what they symbolized were pointed out. Understanding such mythology is one of the beautiful yet difficult things in the comprehension of our English literature. Upon other occasions the listeners were acquainted with facts about the dress of the Romans, their household furnishings, meals and food, their occupations and the social position of their women.

Latin Club



M. Johnson, Hart, Hefty, Cruickshank, Hofmeister, Wagoner, Conine.
Wright, Hovarter, Hook, Hefty, Townsend, F. Townsend.
Ruger, T. Johnson, Widney, Miss Ice, Thompson, Huff, Krontz.

The organization of the Latin Club has been in its infancy this year. It is hoped that it may grow next year and accomplish some work of a different nature. By organizing a little earlier in the school year, it can very probably put on a Latin play of interest to the school as well as to the club members.

Literary

The members of the H. H. S. are divided equally into two literary societies, the Athenian Literary Society, and the Adeiphan Literary Society. As each Freshman class enters the high school, a committee of teachers is appointed to assign the members to one or the other of the societies. The pupils this assigned remain members of the society during their four year course.

The value of the training given in these societies cannot be over-estimated. No matter how intelligent a man may be, if he does not have the ability to transmit his knowledge to others, it will be of little benefit to him or to his fellow men. Had it not been for Lincoln's ability to express himself he would have lived and died a poor, uncouth, misunderstood backwoods man and America would have lost the noblest figure in all history. How much more difficult would the situation have become during the late war, had President Wilson been incapable of the "fourteen points." We owe it to ourselves and to the communities in which we live to express ourselves easily and forcibly on the questions that confront us. We cannot afford to let a just cause go by unchampioned simply because we lack the ability to speak for it, neither can we afford to let an evil cause go unchallenged because we are mute.

During the past year each society has performed once a month. Every member must perform at least once during the year. The aim of the literary work has been to improve the ability of the members, and not primarily to furnish entertainment. While some of the programs left much to be desired yet many productions of real worth were given.



Adelphian Literary Society

HAROLD ARMSTRONG - - - - - *President*
DELOY JAMES - - - - - *Vice President*
JENNIE HORN - - - - - *Secretary and Treasurer*

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Harold Armstrong	Kathleen Hart
DeLoy James	Martha Wentworth
Jennie Horn	Miss Lilly
Maurine Hadsell	Miss Ice

Mr. Randolph

MEMBERS

Olen Alexander	Genevieve McCormick	Gale Smith
Gerald Palmer	Juanita Stahl	Goff Clark
LaVerne Weaner	Wendell Culler	Ercel Lenz
Laverne Armstrong	Charles Rector	Naomi Warfield
Ward Hart	Lucille Miller	Vera Reas
Robert McKahn	Garnet Krontz	Carrie Wentworth
Geraldine Bates	Violet Clay	Ray Laub
William Cruikshank	Irene Burlingame	Arthur Hefty
Dorothy Thompson	Mildred Hinsch	Gladys Steele
Ralph Hook	Thae Johnson	Eugene Newton
Marie Rose	Nellie Baker	Robert Battershell
Ray Maxwell	Grace Maxwell	Guy Volkert
Fern Hook	Eleanor Snyder	Lynn Hurni
Ray Middaugh	Forrest Karr	Pauline Fry
Roscoe Wagoner	Lauretta Lucas	Vera Bauman
Faith Coughanour	Verna Collins	Doris Mann
LeRoy Aten	Clarence Jordan	Florence Hefty
LaVon Miller	Leota Hitt	Mae Johnson
Helen Mercer	Agnes Reas	Arlene Otis
Grace Lash	Maynard Kleckner	Francis Johnson
Reign Hadsell	Carlus Miller	Daisy Beree
Iva Wartenbee	Lauren Applegate	Ida Driver
Berdina Kline	Mary Kenner	Fern Battershell
Kathryn Johnson	Helen Arrowsmith	



Athenian Literary Society

LAUREN BRICKER - - - - - *President*
ELOISE CORRELL - - - - - *Vice President*
MILDRED LONGSWORTH - - - - - *Secretary and Treasurer*

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Lauren Bricker	Harry Mapes
Eloise Correll	Amelia Leslie
Mildred Longsworth	Miss Cook
Bessie Forder	Miss Fowler

Mr. Lutterbein

MEMBERS

Glenn Burgoyne	Mary Lee Mohr	Mary Moore
Fordyce Moore	Leila Bowen	LaVerne Shull
Donaldson Monosmith	Katherine Bevington	Carol Otis
Virginia James	Isabelle Rodocker	Freida Ruger
Esther Miller	Leota Haver	Mildred Brown
LaVerne Zuber	Florence Link	Melissa Bond
LaRue Pugh	Nora Haver	Violetta Townsend
Eldin Sholl	Dorthea Cottrell	Zelda Dorsey
Mary Burgoyne	Marguerite Blythe	Angie Arrants
Regina Bauman	Helen Johnson	Deloss Hadsell
Murl Wentworth	Zelma Peter	Floyd Palmer
Dallas Johnston	Douglas Warner	Donald Wycoff
William Cleland	Raymond Hofmeister	Jesse Champion
Burdette Custer	Olen Mavis	Carl Shrieder
Lucille Conine	Donald O'Neil	Paul Miller
Emma Bruggeman	Herschel Fitzcharles	Virgil Hofmeister
Hazel Kline	Dale McClellan	Gerald Griest
Wanda Warfield	John Blosser	Merle Hootman
Alma Olson	Geraldine Getrost	Russel Kelley
Lawrence Brush	Marie Hoff	Ronald Wright
Forrest Deardorf	Marjorie Smith	Virgil Bowker
Richard Ames	Dorothy Widney	Forrest Townsend
Janet Griffin	Wilma Peter	Wildred Hovarter

The Carnival

The Carnival will rightly rank as one of the big events of the year. Because of the increase in the price of everything needed for The Hixonian, The Spoonrift and athletics of all kinds, the regular sources of revenue are no longer adequate to meet the demand, consequently it was necessary to obtain money in some other way.

In casting about for a plan the high school decided upon a carnival. In the first place it was thought a carnival would conflict but little with any of the other activities of the school; secondly, it promised to bring in sufficient revenue to relieve the financial embarrassment, and last but not least it was believed that it would be of interest to the people of the town and community.

Our hopes were more than realized in every particular. We are happy to say that the people of Hicksville have demonstrated the fact that they are interested in the schools by their attendance, their hearty cooperation in the preparation for the carnival and by their liberal spending at the booths on the night of the affair.

The net proceeds amounted to two hundred and ten dollars. We wish to take this opportunity to thank everyone who in any way contributed to the success of the occasion.

But after all has been said and done, the carnival has meant a great deal more to the Hicksville High School than the mere accumulation of several hundred dollars. We are all glad that the money is here and that we are now assured certain essential publications and equipment of various kinds, but the greatest thing that the carnival gave us is a knowledge of the value of united action.

The carnival was a success because every member of the school was interested. It showed what could be accomplished through united action.

Let us as a school give our united support to every good cause. We can have one of the best schools of the state if everyone will do his share. Can we count on you? Who ever heard of a slacker getting sympathy anyway or getting anything else for that matter excepting a case of the grouch. Where do you stand? Make your influence felt.

Oratorical and Debating Society



O'Neil, Cleland, Johnston, Sholl, Applegate, James, Mr. Lutterbein
Miller, Longworth, Horn, Correll, C. Wentworth, Cruishank, Hadsell
Burgoyne, Blythe, Griffin, Kline, Pugh, Hitt,
Murl Wentworth, Cottrell, Weaner, Martha Wentworth, Johnson

The Oratorical and Debating Society of the H. H. S.

This year the Hicksville High School has been very fortunate in organizing an Oratorical and Debating Society, a most influential force in school life. This organization has afforded ample opportunity for all those interested in debating and oratory work. Mr. Lutterbein has been an energetic worker in making the society a success, and should be commended for his untiring efforts.

From the beginning of history oratory has been of very much importance. Political, religious and social reforms have been successful on account of the stirring orations of some great leaders, who have aroused people to action. The purpose of oratory is for the uplift and advancement of humanity.

The purpose of this society is to train the members of the association so that they may speak effectively. Very seldom one person possesses all of the qualities that an orator should have such as, dignity, a pleasing voice and a good disposition; but these things can be attained by practice and by taking advantage of the opportunity of speaking before an audience. A course in oratory and debate is educational and is something that is not only of benefit in the study of literature, but also in teaching self-confidence and a natural way of giving a discourse.

There are about thirty members of the society, of which number the largest part consists of Juniors. The meetings are held once every week. During the first part of each meeting some time is given for business while the remaining time is devoted to debating, readings, extemporaneous speaking, orations, and some form of composition. New officers are elected for each night of a meeting so that each member may have a chance to act as an officer, thus giving him personal experience.

One of the biggest debates of the whole school year was given by the Debating Society on March 17, 1921, the Seniors against the Juniors. This debate was given in Chapel at 8:30 A. M. and was very interesting in every particular. There were two debaters on each side; the Seniors taking the affirmative and the Juniors the negative. The question for debate was: "Resolved, that the United States should take over the former German African possessions in payment of the ten billion dollars owned our nation by the Allies." Both Senior and Junior classes gave yells for their representative debaters and the Freshman and Sophomore classes, being neutral, yelled for both sides. The Juniors won by a score of two and a half to one-half.

Next year the Oratorical and Debating Society expects to accomplish more than it has this year for the very reason that with this year's experience it will be more efficient. No doubt some of the debaters of this society will compete with debaters of other high schools.

Carrie Wentworth, '22

The Death of a Green Monster

Women are said to own a great abundance of curiosity but man's passion of jealousy exceeds two-fold the curiosity of woman. Jealous men not only make themselves miserable but also cause others to suffer for their blindness. It is strange, yet true, that the woman in the case glories in the fact that someone is jealous because another man smiles at her, for his unreasonable jealousy bespeaks the affection back of it. And so this is a story of the jealousy of man, how the green monster died at the hands of a girl.

It was a beautiful warm Sunday evening of May, quite warm indeed for only the fifteenth. The ice-cream parlor, where Tom and Enid had stopped for refreshments, was crowded. Everything was calm and peaceful until Enid spied an old friend, Bob Smith. Her smile brought him to their table and after a formal introduction, he took a chair next to Enid's and the two talked over old times. Tom spoke only when directly questioned. After the little chat Bob joined his own party and Tom and Enid left.

"Wasn't he nice, Tom? Bob, I mean. He's such a good old scout—don't you like him?"

"Well, I can't see that he is a wonder,—besides it's a pity you can't even treat me civilly when we're in a public place."

"Why Tom, what did I do?"

"Do? It's what you didn't do. I should think you would be ashamed to let me sit there with people gazing at me while you gabbed with that Smith."

"Well, he's an old friend of mine and if you were not so stupid you could have talked to him too."

"Stupid, eh? You're getting good. I suppose you don't know what Tubby told me about him taking you home the other night? Well I know it and I know several other things and I am getting good and sore."

"Well, do you think I care how sore you are getting? Only I wish you were not so jealous." The last in a pleading tone.

"Jealous?", he shrieked, "Jealous, I am not jealous, only I want an understanding—"

"Well you'll have to get it if you want it. Please take me home."

In her own room Enid began to reflect. She liked Tom but his so unreasonable jealousy was too much for her to bear. Their friendship must live or die,—she decided it should live and affirmed her decision by seating herself at her desk and thoughtfully writing a letter.

It was mailed next morning on her way to school. The following Sunday her plan began to blossom. The friendship of Tom and Enid was at a standstill for the entire week but it took a declining trip when Enid in a new suit, smart hat, satin pumps and a Beaver throw, was seen by her wavering lover beside a broad shouldered handsome lad in a bright yellow roadster racing at top speed through the little town, toward the neighboring city. Tom swore at the sight of them and the rest of the boys, who had the self-appointed occupation of adorning the lawn in front of the little church, laughed at his vexation.

"You've made a fool of yourself, Tom," Dick Magee was delivering the lecture. "Do you think a good looking girl like Enid, the heroine of our class play, is going to run around and waste her time with an old man who acts like he has chronic indigestion every time she speaks to a school-mate of the opposite sex? You're a darn poor beau for such a girl. I wish she would give me a chance to go with her." Then William Putman added, "Well you've lost her now old man. I wonder who that guy is? He sure looks like a high flyer. I hope he can appreciate her." The whole crowd then began irritating Tom's broken heart by remarks like this, "I'll bet she has a good time this afternoon;" "I bet they stay this evening and go to a show;" "If he isn't rich I'll eat my hat;" "Wasn't that some car?" and "I'll bet she is enjoying herself now."

"That's right fellows, rub it in. I know I have been a fool, a darn big one. I wish she would give me another chance," confessed Tom, the possessor of a broken spirit.

But he didn't have another chance, not for several days, for even from play practice the yellow car took her away and the tall blond man was always with her. Tom

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observed that she was happy—"Oh the fool I have been," he thought, "If only I could take her to the banquet Friday night! I'll ask her if I get a chance."

But no opportunity presented itself. Monday passed slowly—Tuesday dragged—Wednesday, the night of the Commencement, seemed hollow to Tom—Thursday everything was in confusion for it was the night of their play. How Tom longed to be the hero of the play, to act with Enid, to be her hero, to kiss her as the curtain went down, to whisk her off the stage and take her home, to make her listen to his explanation in the fashion of a cave-man—The dream was broken by a shrill voice saying, "Do you know where Enid Van Dale is?"

"Why yes, she's in room six with a star over the door." The messenger boy, with a long gray box, plowed through the busy stage hands and delivered the box to the leading lady.

"I'll bet that big white haired gawk is sending her roses."

Sure enough, as the curtain rose, Enid was playing the piano and she wore large, red roses. The temper of Tom was about to the breaking point as he watched her carress them. He was so angry as he played his part,—a chum of the hero's,—that he felt like choking him. He wanted to grab those roses and tear them into tiny shreds. He wanted to grab Enid and tell her that he wouldn't have that big Swede taking his girl away from him. But he curbed his anger enough to restrain from spoiling the play.

At last it was over. The big blond lad was waiting for Enid. Tom was just ready to go home as she came from the dressing-room. Tom stopped to watch her. She held out both her hands in greeting to the waiting young man and, as they neared him, Tom heard him compliment her on her wonderful acting. Tom was swearing under his breath. Then he stopped abruptly, for Enid and her companion stopped at his side. "Hello Tom, I just wanted to see you (Enid was speaking in her old natural voice). I want you to meet my cousin, James Allen. Wasn't it nice for him to come all the way from New York to see me graduate?"

Before Tom could regain his senses, Marjory North joined the little group and this was Enid's greeting:

"Oh! Marjory, you're the very girl I wanted to see. Today was Jim's birthday and mother wanted to give him a party but we were too busy so she has prepared an after-theatre lunch party for the four of us. She has told your mother and I am sure Jimmy won't enjoy himself unless you come." She gave the two an impish glance and then said to Tom, "I know Tom will come and I'll bet he is hungry this very minute. Come on, let's go!"

That night the great green monster passed away,—died,—leaving Tom Norwood unshackled in making amends to his dear little girl and proving to her that he was a sport and her true friend.

Eloise Correll, '21.

FINIS



Marshmallows and Coffee

"Oh, Miriam, won't you come to our marshmallow toast down in the hollow today? It's a little juvenile affair without any disapproving eyes to spoil our fun. We're keeping it quiet in order to avoid undue publicity. Be sure to come—I want you to meet some of the girls."

Miriam's heart leaped with joy at this invitation from the popular Senior, for such opportunities are not given to every Freshman. However, with remarkable restraint, she replied, "I'd simply love to if I could but Miss Whiting gave us to understand that any infringement of the rule forbidding students to appear on the campus alone after seven-thirty was worse than criminal. The way she glanced when she said it sent all varieties of shivers down my back. I firmly resolve to be an obedient child forever and aye. Besides if I did go, how could I get away without her noticing me?"

"Oh you verdant Freshman," was the reply, "anyone else would know how. Never mind, you'll soon learn. Wait till Miss Whiting goes to her study, then sneak downstairs, grab a coat from a rack and skip. Be a sport! Don't disappoint my faith in you."

This was too much for the reluctant girl so she straightway agreed to the plan.

As soon as Miss Whiting went to her study that evening, Miriam snatched a coat from the rack, stealthily slipped outside, and went on her way rejoicing. Her approach to the circle of light where the girls were sitting was met with suppressed shrieks and violent scrambling. At her call however, the girls gathered around her, and amid giggles and gasps, told her that they had thought her to be the matron herself.

"You see, honey child, you're wearing Miss Whiting's lovely fur coat and we recognized that first. We admire your taste but you'd better hurry back before she misses it. It's the joy of her heart and she'll be desperate if she finds it gone. Here take some marshmallows, and report your adventures tomorrow. Our hearts are with you."

"My heart's in my mouth," returned Miriam as she hurried to her fate. Luckily for her the hall was deserted and so hanging up the coat, she crept swiftly upstairs. A few minutes later she came down again to find the hall swarming with police. Miss Whiting was wailing and bemoaning her loss while the police endeavored to cross-question her. Suddenly one of the men near the rack spied the costly garment, picked it up and said shortly, "Madam, isn't this your coat?"

Miss Whiting's dumfounded expression as she acquiesced was rivalled only by the unutterable contempt on the faces of the policemen as they returned to the waiting patrol wagon.

Now the matron was a very self righteous woman and such humiliation did not put her in a very charitable frame of mind. Accordingly she declared that this was all a cheap, vulgar joke and, unless the culprit who committed the deed confessed before the next week, all privileges would be abolished until the sinner sought forgiveness.

Poor Miriam now truly had a weighty problem. If she confessed she would betray her adored Senior and the other merrymakers but if she didn't all the hall would suffer. Every time she saw a girl her conscience pricked; she turned pale at the appearance of Miss Whiting; and, if anyone as much as mentioned a fur bearing animal, she shuddered.

Meanwhile Miss Whiting had received an invitation to a reception in honor of a visiting celebrity. Inwardly she thanked herself for the merciful deliverance of her precious coat, but she wore a hard, cold, unapproachable exterior. Dignity trampled upon is a serious thing.

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On the eventful afternoon, the matron, all gaily attired in her very best, was ready to depart when she happened to misplace her gloves. Search though she might, the excited woman could not find them, and the taxi waited without. Just then she caught sight of a pair of pearly white kid gloves lying on a book belonging to Miriam, "A perfect fit and how well they harmonize with my costume," she thought to herself. "I know Miriam wouldn't care and I just can't go without gloves. She need never know I borrowed them."

That day at the dinner table, Miriam inquired if any one had seen her new eight dollar gloves. She failed to notice the rosy blush on Miss Whiting's usually white countenance as she hurriedly changed the topic of conversation.

Later, one of the girls summoned Miriam to Miss Whiting's study. With quaking knees the frightened girl approached the dread presence. Plucking up all her courage the culprit decided to tell the whole escapade of the coat before Mitt Whiting had a chance to inquire.

When she had finished the older woman looked at her with puzzled eyes and then burst out laughing. "Miriam, Miriam, you funny child, of course I forgive you. I only hope you will do the same for me. I asked you to come here that I might confess my sins which are far worse than yours. Today I took your lovely new gloves and wore them deliberately without even a 'thank you' or 'if you please.' But worse yet I spilt coffee all over them ruining them completely. At first I was too ashamed to confess before I bought a new pair but my conscience was so uneasy I decided to unburden it at once. Never before could I understand such impulses as I had. Now I have discovered my flesh is as weak as any other human's. As for the coat,—let's forget all about it."

Then the two sinners smiled a smile of perfect understanding which made them friends forever.

Helen Arrowsmith, '22.



The Rescue

Bob Zoder, an American youth who was traveling in Europe at the beginning of the World War, had traveled most of Europe and thought he would go to Berlin. He arrived just ten days after the United States had declared war on Germany, but he knew nothing of it.

After being there about two weeks he found that his money was all but exhausted and knowing of no way to get more, he decided to go back to America. When about ready to start he found that he had lost his passport so he had to stay in Berlin.

Realizing that his money was very low he decided that he must find work, so he started out inquiring for it. He found that the Kaiser was in need of a butler so he immediately applied for the position and was hired. What little German he had learned at school and what he had learned in Berlin was very much to his advantage now in speaking with the Kaiser and his household. It was while employed here that he learned of the United States declaring war on Germany. Bob worked here for about two months and learned considerable about the German army and the rulings of the Kaiser.

Bob had been asked many questions as to who he was and whence he had come. He had lied to them until he was caught in a tight place. Then he was arrested as an American spy and put in a dark dungeon in the basement of the Kaiser's palace.

It was a place where many traitors and spies had lost their lives. It had only two passageways; one was a door through which they put him and the other was a trap door of which he knew nothing. Nobody knew of this trap-door except the Kaiser and his household.

While Bob had worked there he had become acquainted with Marie, a French girl, captured by the Germans in the early part of the war. She had been taken to Berlin and had been put under the direction of the Kaiser. The Kaiser's son, Wilhelm, had fallen in love with her and had intended for her to be his wife. Marie hated the Germans but was forced to stay there. She had learned considerable about the Kaiser's palace and knew of this trap-door and to where it lead. She had loved Bob ever since her first sight of him and more so since Bob had saved her life from a German officer.

Marie knew Bob was in danger so she thought that she would help him escape and perhaps she, too, could escape.

Bob had been in the dungeon two days now and as yet had found no means of escape. On the night of the second day, Marie had gotten things arranged and had obtained some food, water and money and had gone to the place where the Kaiser kept the keys to the dungeon. She went directly to the door of the dungeon and unlocked it.

Bob thought it was about morning because it was dark in there all the time and he had no watch by which to tell the hour. He thought that it was some German coming after him to take him to his death. He stood up with courage in his heart, not afraid—because he was an American.

When the searchlight was lighted he knew who it was and spoke to her in her own language which surprised her very much, for she had imagined she would have a difficult time to make him understand her language. Bob had been in Europe two years and had learned French and German,—much to his benefit at this particular time.

After Marie had given food and water to the starved Bob, she began looking for the trap-door. She found it just where she had learned it to be, in the side of the wall.

She turned to Bob and said, "Hurry and swallow that last bite for we must make our get-a-way." They opened the trap-door and found that they had to crawl through a large tunnel about two hundred yards long. Worse than that there was a German guard at the outer end. They crawled until they came to the outer end. As Bob approached he grabbed the guard by the legs and pulled him down into the tunnel. The guard put forth a struggle but Bob, being very keen and alert, perceived his intentions. With one leap he downed the guard and pinned him fast with his bayonet. As quickly as possible, Bob exchanged uniforms with the guard and made haste, with Marie at his side, to reach the station in order to catch the "Midnight Flyer" for Noise, a German

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relief station, one hundred miles from the French and German lines. There was a small German camp there and Bob came in contact with the German soldiers. Bob had always been a keen observer and had mastered the army salutes of the Germans, not knowing that he would soon be in need of them. The next morning, while Bob and Marie were walking about the camp, they met the Field Marshal. He stopped them and demanded in gruff and unkind words, "Who are you?" Where are you going?" Bob unassumingly replied, "This girl with me is a French spy and I am one of the Kaiser's chief guards. I have been notified to take her to the front to receive her trial and judgment." The Field Marshal nodded approvingly. Bob went on, "You see I am to get there as quickly as possible. Being unacquainted with train service in this part of the war district, would you be so kind as to give further information about getting to the front." Whereupon the Field Marshal responded, "It is not such a great distance and I will take you in my car. I will see my chauffeur immediately." At this he left Bob and Marie alone. They hurried to get ready what little they had and at the same time made further plans for escape. Soon the car arrived and they were off. They had gone, perhaps a distance of seventy-five miles when Bob slowly reached down and pulled the Marshal's gun from his belt. Quick as a flash, Bob had the Marshal and his chauffeur begging for mercy at the cry, "Hands up." Marie searched the driver and Bob, the Marshal. As soon as they were positive that no harm could be done, Bob exclaimed, "Now both of you, get out of this car and move as quickly as you can." With furtive glances the two Germans descended and started away. Bob took his place at the wheel but before he could get started the Germans made a lunge at him. Marie interpreted their intentions at once and fired, killing the Marshal. This gave Bob a chance to deal the driver a death blow.

Bob and Marie drove away, breathing sighs of relief, that they had escape so fortunately. Inquiry soon brought them to the front. They were received with heartiest welcome at the Field Marshal's office, after Bob had explained that he was the Kaiser's son and the little woman with him, his wife. Preparations were being made to send an aeroplane to get further information as to fighting conditions. The Marshal insisted that Bob and Marie go along, as of course it would interest them to see how well the Germans were holding their own. This gave Bob a splendid chance to act again.

After the machine reached mid-air, Bob asked if they could fly above the French lines. "Most assuredly," replied the pilot, being very innocent as to the result. At the dramatic moment Bob called, "Land immediately, I am an American. If you dare to refuse your life will pay the penalty.

As the machine made preparations for landing, the French, thinking it to be a spy machine, began firing at it. Bob gave the surrender signal and they landed safely back of the French lines, where the pilot was taken prisoner. Bob told his story and received loud applause. As soon as it could be arranged Bob joined the American forces and Marie, the Salvation Army.

Bob had had previous training at West Point which enabled him to make rapid progress in the army. Toward the close of the war, while on a drive, he was wounded and taken to a base hospital. Here he learned that Marie had become a nurse and was employed in this very hospital.

When she learned that Bob was there, she begged to be given his case, which request was granted. Very patiently she nursed Bob back to health again.

As soon as peace was declared they made their way to America,—whereupon, they decided that two could live happier than one.

Donald O'Neil.

Truth is Stranger than Fiction

About nine o'clock on a Saturday evening in February, four moderately dressed young ladies stepped into the lobby of the hotel at Benton, Kansas. They were a group that would attract attention in any place. Not that they were loud or noisy, on the contrary they were very well bred, but there was a look of quiet determination on their faces which gave one the impression that they would not be easily baffled in the attempt to finish a thing once begun.

They secured adjoining rooms and retired at once. In the meantime perhaps the readers would like to know who they were. Each one of them was talented in some particular line of work and they had banded together in the form of a concert company that was doing good work on the Lyceum platform. The company was composed of Marian Adams, the reader, Louise Brunson, pianist, Anne Lindsey, violinist, and Dolly Winston, vocalist.

Marian Adams was a tall slender blond and she did not get along any too well with the vocalist, Dolly Winston, who had large brown eyes, dark wavy hair and was generally conceded to be the beauty of the four. Louise Brunson was quite large but she had a capable air about her which usually secured her what she wanted. Anne Lindsey was small, slender and the quietest one of the four, but it was usually her task to keep peace among them and this she did with unusual tact. Marian looked after their route, Louise looked after hotel bills while Ann kept track of the baggage and some one has said that aside from stirring up an occasional quarrel, Dolly was along for ornamental purposes only.

The girls were forced to stay in the small town of Benton Saturday night and Sunday on account of having missed the train into Wichita, where they had expected to spend Sunday. Now they must take the train to Wichita Sunday evening, ride all night, make a quick change across the city Monday morning to catch a train for Stanford, where they were to give a concert Monday evening. From Stanford they must go to a place called the Junction about fifteen miles away and there take a train for Bloomdale, South Dakota where they were booked for a concert Tuesday evening.

They slept until late Sunday morning and after breakfast Marian and Ann made a trip to the station and returned with this report.

"Everything is ready to go on the "eight-fifty-five train" this evening. This will be a long day because it's beginning to rain but I suppose we can pass the time some way and just now I'm going down and get a paper." So saying, Marian left the room.

"Ann," remarked Dolly, looking over the route, "Isn't this Tuesday night concert at Bloomdale, South Dakota, the one that was so important?"

"Yes," replied Ann. "That's the small but up to date town where the people are so critical. And I also think it is the place where the manager is so fond of trying out new companies."

Dolly looked disturbed. "Gracious! I hope he doesn't take a notion to do so there Tuesday night because my dress—" but she was interrupted by Marion who said, "Well, just as long as nothing happens to your voice—," when she in turn was interrupted by the entrance of Marion who deposited her paper on the dresser, looking very important.

"Someone saw Anne's violin last evening and began making inquiries about us," she said. "Now there are quite a few people down stairs who want us to give a concert this afternoon to pass the time away. They seem to be very nice people and I would rather like to, because the afternoon will be unending if we don't do something of the sort."

This was unanimously greeted with a smile for they had all been dreading the long rainy afternoon. After a few minutes of chatter, Marian and Ann rose to take their departure when Dolly seemingly awoke from a muse and called hurriedly, "Oh say, Ann! What are you going to wear?" Marion and Louise exchanged amused and rather disgusted glances but Ann answered without a smile though she was inwardly chuckling. It was well known that one of the most difficult problems Dolly had even been known to attack was the all important one of "dress."

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When they were ready to go down, Ann said that she knew something that might be of interest to them.

"As I was passing through the lobby a little while ago I overheard one man say to another that more than likely we could perform well enough but he really wondered how four girls got along on the road because it took more pluck and determination than was in the possession of any girl he knew."

"We'll show him!"

"Of all the—"

"Well, I like that."

These were the characteristic remarks made by the other three girls as they walked into the lobby.

Their concert was well received and at the finish of Marian's latest reading Ann noticed that the man, who had been so cynical, was applauding. When they had finished, a small group of people had collected around them to talk. In the course of their talk the route for the coming week was mentioned.

The man whom Ann had heard make the remark earlier in the day (whose name was Mr. Martin) looked interested.

"Did you say that you were booked at Stanford, Nebraska, tomorrow night, and at Bloomdale, South Dakota, Tuesday night?" he asked.

"Yes sir," replied Dolly. We will reach Wichita tomorrow morning and go directly from there to Stanford. From Stanford to the Junction and then on to Bloomdale."

"You can't do it," he said. "I've been over that road dozens of times and I know positively that you can't make connections."

"Well, we can. We'll have to," said Dolly. Her ire was up and besides she resented the fact that a man thought there was something which she could not do.

Mr. Martin gave her an odd look and then said, "I'll bet you four girls a five-pound box of candy that you don't give a concert in Bloomdale Tuesday night."

"We take your bet," cried Dolly. "And I can already taste that candy."

The train was ten minutes late into Wichita next morning and the girls' faces were almost as cloudy as the weather when they stepped off the train. Anne's was especially as she was afraid the baggage could never be transferred in twenty minutes. After looking vainly for a truck to haul their trunks Louise espied an old darky with a horse and wagon. Upon being questioned he replied, "Dunno ma'am. Do my bestest."

So in a few minutes more the trunks were loaded and they were almost off when Ann cried, "Girls there's not a taxi in sight and we can never walk it in time. What shall we do?" Her question was answered by Louise who gave a last look for a taxi and then jumped on the dray and said to the others, "Come on we might as well go with the trunks. There's really no way out of it."

And that is the way those four young ladies rode down the main street of Wichita on a certain Monday morning. The horse was slow, the streets were bumpy, the wagon was rattley and they felt indescribably ridiculous, but Mr. Martin had somehow instilled in each one the desire to get to Bloomdale on Tuesday evening if that thing were possible.

They made the train without a minute to spare and Dolly confided to Anna that to ride through the town on that wagon took more courage than any other thing that she could remember. Anna smiled and said, "Well, you know they say 'necessity is the mother of invention.'"

It was five o'clock when they reached Stanford and it was beginning to snow while the wind was blowing a perfect gale. This, however, did not worry the girls much until Marion electrified them with this news.

"Girls if we get to the junction in time to catch the train for Bloomdale, we must ride there after the concert tonight in a livery rig." The determination sank low in Anne's eyes and it completely died out of Dolly's.

"Oh dear!" she wailed, "Let's not. What's an old box of candy anyway?"

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"Children, children," said Louise sternly, coming to the rescue. "The candy may not be much, but the fact that we are girls and are plucky is a great deal and I for one would certainly hate to see that Mr. Martin again if we don't give the concert tomorrow night."

"Yes," said Marian, "And besides I would hate to think I endured the ride on that wagon for nothing."

So, an hour after the concert found them in a three-seated buggy drawn by a team of strong horses, plowing through the snow toward the Junction. The wind was going down but the snow was drifting so that before long the roads would be impassable. Once the hind wheels went into the ditch and remained there for about fifteen minutes. Finally, as they reached a village just half way between the two towns, the drivers said that the exhausted horses would go no farther. They told the girls to go into the station while they took the horses to a barn.

The night ticket agent was much interested in their story and said, "Well, I guess you're in a poor place to get out of by night because the only thing around here that will go is Jim's hand-car."

Just as the girls had begun to despair they were startled to hear Dolly say apparently to herself, "Well, why not? Now that we've started this thing we might as well finish it." And they could hardly believe their ears when they heard Dolly propose riding the rest of the way on a hand-car. Dolly, the aristocrat, on a hand-car! But that is what they finally did. Whether it was Marian's or Dolly's persuasiveness or the money that was in it I can not say. The snow had ceased but it was anything except a pleasant ride. However there is no need to describe it. Enough to say that by no chance will the girls ever forget it. They caught the train at the Junction and settled down for a good sleep that they might do their best at the concert.

It was quite a success if the applause of the audience may be a sign. After the concert, just as they were entering the elevator at the hotel a messenger boy announced, "Gentleman in the parlor to see you, ladies." As he ushered them into a parlor who should rise to greet them but Mr. Martin, himself.

"Didn't I say I could taste that candy," cried Dolly, as he held out a large box to her.

"You must have an exceedingly keen sense of taste Miss Winston," he said with a smile. "And now I think it's about time to unmask. My real name is John Martin Andrews and I am closely connected with the 'Andrews Lyceum Bureau.' Here he paused seeing the astonished look on the girls' faces.

"We have been looking for something different in the concert line and when I heard you last Sunday I knew you were just the thing. The reason I said nothing then was that I was afraid you lacked the necessary pluck and determination. But the incident has destroyed any doubt that I might have had. I am now ready to offer you a contract with a higher salary than you are now receiving and there will not be so much hard work connected with it. In the meantime let's not suppose that candy was made to look at."

Maurine Hadsell, '24.





Alumni

Motto: "Friendship and Culture"

Officers of Alumni Association

President-----MRS. PETTIT
Vice President-----LAURANCE HART
Secretary and Treasurer-----DOROTHY SCHELL

Members of Association

1881

Nora Farmer-Shepard..Died Oct. 10, 1902
Ella Everitte-FaberMendota, Ill.
Mary Linn-KimmontAlbion, Mich.

1882

Lillie Gorgas-Pettit.....Hicksville, O.
Almerda Platter-Bilderback
.....Died Feb. 3, 1896
Viola SmithChicago, Ill.
Edwin L. ClayPerrysburg, O.

1884

Ella Weaver-ClayPerrysburg, O.

1885

Kate M. MeekPasadena, Calif.
Carrie G. BrownDied Nov. 12, 1897
Belle Rittenour-Gotfried .Fall City, Ore.
Jennie Otis-WilliamKendalville, Ind.

1886

Augie O. Wright-UtterAngola, Ind.
Adda Platter-LeshDied Jan., 1920
Laura Hamilton-HusnerOberlin, O.
Luther WesnerAddress unknown

1887

Elizabeth Jordan-Clough Union City, Pa.
Ida Correll-CullerDied Sept. 6, 1906
Susie Ainsworth-Hardesty
.....Los Angeles, Calif.
Nettie Wilson-Wesner Died Mar. 3, 1896

1888

Gertrude Miller-Ackley Died May 14, 1905
Della Maxwell-HilbertHicksville, O.
Mercy E. Coulter-DorseyDeceased
Charles B. Brown ...Died April 16, 1918
Olive LaRue AustinAngola, Ind.

1889

Anna MeekChicago, Ill.
Carrie Meek-HuntonChicago, Ill.
Edgar J. CorrellNew Castle, Pa.
May Beadle-GlasmireCecil, O.
Ella Duncan-MitchellColumbus, O.
Nellie Crowl-HaneyDecatur, Ind.
Dora Batchelor-Dudley .Woodward, Okla

1890

Samuel A. JordanCincinnati, O.
Eva Nicholls-LandersAtlanta, Ga.
Minnie Ridenour-Bricker .Hicksville, O.
Ada Conrad-HoodAlpena, Mich.
Curtis OverholtAda, O.

1891

Mabel Umbenhour-Mundhenk
.....Boston, Mass.
Fordyce F. RichardPortland, Ore.

1892

Edith Batchelor-Cregg
.....Lescruses, New Mex.
Bernice Hollinger-Hill ..Syracuse, N. Y.
Grace Correll-BakerDetroit, Mich.
Laura WesnerAddress Unknown

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Georgia Brown-MillmanEdon, O.
George Lilly—Minister ...Bloomdale, O.
Scudder Hull—DoctorHicksville, O.

1893

Minnie Rose-Thompson ...Detroit, Mich.
Mary Smith SeaboldDetroit, Mich.
Nellie WildersonFt. Wayne, Ind.
Grace Crary-Deardorf ...N. Judson, Ind.
Fred UmbenhourToledo, O.

1894

Lula Jump-ConradHicksville, O.
Lucy Higgins-GuerneyBandon, Ore.
Harriet Correll-HawkinsToledo, O.
Cornelia Davis-GriffithS. Bend, Ind.
Jennie Lilly-Rowan .Died Dec. 29, 1904
Ella LoomisDied April 20, 1898
Pearl Ackley-PattersonElkhart, Ind.
Mercy ShanklinDefiance, O.
Anna MartinDied April, 1917
Nettie Nicholls-Hablawitz
.....Died March 31, 1919
Effie Horn-ClarkHicksville, O.

1895

Florence Coulter-Gage.Los Angeles, Cal.
Mercy Wright-DiebelDetroit, Mich.
Harry V. Wilson—Civil Engineer.....
.....Hamilton, Canada
Frank MillimanEdon, O.

1896

Clara Maxwell-MastinHicksville, O.
Oris Rodocker—Prin.Jewell, O.
Minta Moore-BanksHicksville, O.
Mary NichollsSeattle, Mich.
Estella Hoffman-Katzenmeyer
.....Bowling, Green, O.
William Dalrymple ..Died April 13, 1919
Estella LillyDied Sept. 15, 1920

1897

Irene Hayes-PinkertonBryan, O.
Wilberetta Williams-Conrad
.....Kendville, Ind.
Bertha WrightDied May 4, 1912
Leone Reaser Kenison
.....Battle Creek, Mich.
Harriet Parker-Jameson
.....Battle Creek, Mich.

1898

Edna Parker-TroyPittsfield, Mass.
Virginia Batchelor-Needles Pueblo, Calif.
Jessie Wetzel-WilsonHicksville, O.
Rena Wilson-Morris Battle Creek, Mich.
Della Berger-ColeDied Jan. 15, 1911
Mabel Wyckoff-Dickson
.....Wagumemaga, Mich.
Nelia Barnett-Maxwell
.....Marquette, Mich.
Ila Ferris-CorrellHicksville, O.
Ethel Coulter Smith.....Rolla, Mo.
Martha Nicholls-Stanley ..Buffalo, N. Y.
Herbert C. Tannehill—Dentist
.....Muskegan, Mich.
Carl F. Boester—Lawyer. St. Louis, Mo.
Orrie D. RoseKalamazoo, Mich.

1899

Nellie Smith-LeighAuburn, Ind.
Nellie Miller-EdwardChicago, Ill.
Daisy Hill-TuttleHicksville, O.
Lena Bricker-GrierFt. Wayne, Ind.
Blanche TannehillChicago, Ill.
Frank Hiscox—Salesman .Hicksville, O.
Harry GetrostLorain, O.
Thos. Townsend—Real Estate
.....Toledo, O.
Ray Davis—Mail Carrier..Auburn, Ind.

1900

Margaret Barnett-Patterson
.....Died Oct. 4, 1907
Bessie Helsel-Gadsey ...Bellevue, Wash.
Stella Peacock-DowellHicksville, O.
Mabel Shanton-Jollman..Comstock, Wis.
Dora Galloway-BergerLascas, Colo.
Otho DalympleMishawaka, Ind.

1901

Laird Hoff—Court Stenographer
.....Hicksville, O.
Walter Ferris—Lawyer ...Hicksville, O.
Charles WetzelDied Nov. 8, 1915
Ella BolsterCleveland, O.
Ethel Cahill-MillerHicksville, O.
Goldie Boon-JollyHillsdale, Mich.
Altha PlotterAngola, Ind.
Ernest BoesterMinneapolis, Minn.
Mae FreeburnDied Feb. 19, 1907

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1902

Vada Bender-Wentworth...Hicksville, O.
 Bertha Peacock-CollinsDayton, O.
 Grace TannehillChicago, Ill.
 LaVerne Hart-Lybarger ..Hicksville, O.
 Wayne Hugh—Merchant ..Hicksville, O.

1903

Jett Griffin-HoffHicksville, O.
 Grace BlosserDied March, 1908
 Francis Carr-BrickerHicksville, O.
 Guy RichardsonHicksville, O.
 King PattersonDied March 13, 1919
 Fred Dalrymple—Clerk...Hicksville, O.
 Charles SiebertHicksville, O.
 Edith RankHicksville, O.

1904

Edna Oswalt-DevoreSherwood, O.
 Erma Wetzel-Plotter ..Died Feb. 4, 1907
 Vera Otis-PurdyFindlay, O.
 Blanche Lower-WortHicksville, O.
 Vera Johnson SeelyHicksville, O.
 Grace Euans-Walker...Van Dalia, Mich.
 Fae MillerHicksville, O.
 Ralph CoburnCleveland, O.
 Dayton Wolford—Painter....Bryan, O.
 Clyde Maxwell—Merchant.Hicksville, O.
 Alfred Booth-BankerHicksville, O.
 Marshall BergerGary, Ind.
 Arthur ScheidlerDied Feb. 5, 1920
 Ward Hughes—Merchant .Hicksville, O.
 Ed. HilliardPitciarn, Pa.
 Merle WortHicksville, O.
 Frank SquiresHicksville, O.
 Walter O'NeilToledo, O.

1905

Vera PeacockBoston, Mass.
 Nellie McCord-HiscoxHicksville, O.
 Warner Jackson—Lawyer
Muskegon, Mich.
 Edna Klinger-BrickerHicksville, O.
 Ralph Nelson—Cartoonist
New York, N. Y.
 Florence Gruber-Johnson .Morley, Mich.
 Norma Connolly-Nachudas
Chicago, Ill.
 Ross CrowlKansas City, Mo.
 Homer BeerbowerFt. Wayne, Ind.

1906

Beatrice Metz-Burch .Los Angeles, Calif.
 Cora BeerbowerEdgerton, O.
 Jay Burley-GroomsDied Feb., 1920
 Dora Brink-KirkKermit, W. Va.
 Bart BlosserHicksville, O.
 Fred DruryBritton, Mich.
 Paul KerrDeceased
 Edna NelsonFt. Wayne, Ind
 John Clemmer—Contractor ...Akron, O.
 Pearl Cahill—Stenographer.Hicksville, O.

1907

Sadie Bender-BrinkHicksville, O.
 Maude Schooley-Regerette.Sherwood, O.
 Claron TrachtDetroit, Mich.
 Ray McCauley—Dairyman.Hicksville, O.
 Jessie Hart-CromleyHicksville, O.
 Ruth Ritenour-Rodocker ..Hicksville, O.
 Ross ConnollyChicago, Ill.
 Mabel JohnsonDied Oct. 6, 1915
 Mino DavidsonHicksville, O.
 Lottie DellBattle Creek, Mich.
 Dena Landis—Stenographer
Hicksville, O.
 Eula Pettit-ClarkKalamazoo, Mich.
 Fred DeanNashville, Tenn.
 Lottie Metz-EdgarAuburn, Ind.
 Koneta HelmsPaulding, O.
 Gertrude Hilliard-Laub ...Hicksville, O.

1908

Nina Phillips-Schauelberger
Hicksville, O.
 Robert SchimelFt. Wayne, Ind.
 Ethel Deardorf-KincadeGarret, Ind.
 Lucile Ridenour-Steffen..Twin Fall, Ida.
 Oscar AndersonToledo, O.
 Guy CrowlPitcairn, Pa.
 Fred Ferris—Clerk.....Hicksville, O.
 Estella Pettit-Stekata .Kalamazoo, Mich.
 Alta Griffith-JookDenver, Colo.
 DeWitt KerrDied July 6, 1912
 George Ridenour—DoctorCelina, O.
 Frank Maier—LawyerMassillon, O.
 Mae WetzelDied Jan. 21, 1918

1909

Bessie Richardson-Husted ...Butler, Ind.
 Bernice Johnson-Schell ...Hicksville, O.
 Virgil OverholtColumbus, O.

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Tray FarmerColumbus, O.
 Wayne Bilderback—Teacher.Farmer, O.
 Grace WalterHicksville, O.
 Helen RankToledo, O.
 Alice Hanville-ByersGarrett, Ind.
 Ruth ScottEugene, Ore.

1910

Herchel AckermanFt. Wayne, Ind.
 Ira BeerbowerWichita Falls, Tex.
 Orza Bergener—Real Estate Agent...
Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Don EvansHicksville, O.
 Clair Garver—ClerkHicksville, O.
 Carl HookHicksville, O.
 Owen TustitonGarret, Ind.
 Elma BeerbowerPlymcuth, O.
 Rose Bequillard-Beech
Datona Beach, Fla.
 Eva Bevington—Stenographer
Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Florence Blodget-McKahan.Hicksville, O.
 Ila Clemmer-RipleyAkron, O.
 Phyllis Culler—TeacherFindlay, O.
 Ethel Frey—TeacherHicksville, O.
 Lela Gallup-WaltersHudson, Mich.
 Margaret Gessinger-Wetzel
Burroak, Mich.
 Myrtle Huber-DanielCleveland, O.
 Carma Johnson-RoweHicksville, O.
 Grace Johnson-McCormick
Hicksville, O.
 Stella Lilly, teacherHicksville, O.
 Mary Pettit-Leninger. .Died July 28, 1917
 Mabel Schaffer-Bergmer.Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Hazel Seibert-LaVan.....St. Louis, Mo.
 Jennie RoseN. Yakima, Wash.
 Edith Wetzel-Dalrymple ..Hicksville, O.

1911

Lena Bensteel, stenographer
Detroit, Mich.
 Gertrude Brink ...Los Angeles, Calif.
 Stella Cuyler-Gillespie....Hicksville, O.
 Walter BlalockCaptain in Service
 Alice DickerhoffLos Angeles, Calif.
 Winnie Moore, teacherHicksville, O.
 Bertha Mason-FeltBluffton, O.
 Pearl Place, stenographer
Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Fred JacksonDetroit, Mich.
 Dorothea BoesterCleveland, O.
 Ethel Hook, dressmaker...Hicksville, O.

Hazel Willet-HuberHicksville, O.
 Bessie VesperHicksville, O.
 Franklin StringfellowCleveland, O.
 Blanche Hadsell-MillerPeru, Ind.
 Hazel Nelson-Gessinger ...Hicksville, O.
 Zoa Overholt-Shimel ..Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Daisy DiehlBryan, O.

1912

Harold CarrFt. Wayne, Ind.
 Warren MillerHicksville, O.
 Fern StormMorrisonville, Ill.
 Herchell Scott, salesman ..Eugene, Ore.
 Candance Arrants, nurse..Cleveland, O.
 Mary Miller-HadsellHicksville, O.
 Clyde WaltersPortland, Ore.
 Floy Hauter-JumpCecil, O.
 Fay Mason-StumpellSumner, Iowa
 James Lindermuth ..Battle Creek, Mich.
 Berniece Sauer—Teacher.Hicksville, O.
 Ross TustisonHicksville, O.
 Gladys Gallup-TaylorToledo, O.

1913

Mary Booth-Kemmerer ...Hicksville, O.
 Iva BuddHicksville, O.
 Elma Bungard, teacher ...Hicksville, O.
 Fae Gorrell-Strubing ..Spencerville, Ind.
 Leah Hilliard-HartHicksville, O.
 Nellie Hook, studentColumbus, O.
 Gladys HuberCleveland, O.
 Elsie ShoemakerCleveland, O.
 Inez Shull Battle Creek, Mich.
 John ArrowsmithCincinnati, O.
 Herbert Blakeslee....Los Angeles, Calif.
 Donald Batchelor, student
Grove City, Pa.
 Fred DiersteinChicago, Ill.
 Van HadsellHicksville, O.
 Claude Hitt, dentistCalcutta, India
 Charley Hole, teacherAntwerp, O.
 Scudder Welty, student...Cincinnati, O.
 Laura HadsellCincinnati, O.
 Freda Waltenberger-Hosack
Sherwood, O.
 Edna WolfAntwerp, O.

1914

Beulah OtisHicksville, O.
 Beulah McCullough-Hulbert.Hicksville, O.
 Lelah BreitenbachHicksville, O.

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Lenora Miller, student Bluffton, O.
 Una Hook-Miller Hicksville, O.
 Fred Schell-Edgar Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Beatrice Otis-Stevens..... Detroit, Mich.
 Helen Griffith Auburn, Ind.
 Grace Huber-Christman Bryan, O.
 Loren Cary, student Columbus, O.
 Harry Cook, dentist Coal City, Ill.
 Ira Dull Hamilton, O.
 Jessie D. Gorrell Hicksville, O.
 Gladys Gorrell Hicksville, O.
 Wayne Hulbert, teacher... Hicksville, O.
 Preston Pugh, farmer..... Butler, Ind.
 Wallace Trcat, U. S. Consul.... Smyrna
 Katherine Leslie-Walters.. Portland, Ore.
 Marie Blosser-Carr Hicksville, O.
 Lynn Bricker-Navy U. S. S. Bagley
 Lawrence Hart Hicksville, O.
 George Patterson, student

..... Harvard
 Wilma Poince-McCalla Chicago, Ill.
 Blanch Sauers-Nugen Auburn, Ind.
 Verda Elliot Hicksville, O.

1915

Claren Edgar Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Virgil Willet, student.... Westerville, O.
 Hollis Grover Hicksville, O.
 Walter Fry Detroit, Mich.
 Bennett Rose Hicksville, O.
 Floyd Kline Hicksville, O.
 Ralph Wittig Hicksville, O.
 James Howentine Columbus, O.
 George Henning Celina, O.
 Vernon Killian Hicksville, O.
 Clarence Saltsman Hicksville, O.
 Pierre Willet Paulding, O.
 Marvin Cole Auburn, Ind.
 Harold Batchelor Hicksville, O.
 Ardis Hootman Hicksville, O.
 Lela Hook-Miller Paulding, O.
 Zola Lenz Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Bernice Keener Hicksville, O.
 Naomi Mason-Husted Hicksville, O.
 Flossie Bungard Flint, Mich.
 Mary Arrowsmith Columbus, O.
 Pauline Jackson-Irwin Cleveland, O.
 Marguerite Wagner Oxford, O.
 Hazel Hauter-Morehart Cecil, O.
 Eliza Boester-Wentworth .. Hicksville, O.
 Mabel Cairns Hicksville, O.

1916

Olen Moore Hicksville, O.
 Beatrice Brown Akron, O.
 Shelby Phillips Washington, D. C.
 Martha Smith-Wineland .. Hicksville, O.
 Gladys Winn-Monard Chicago, Ill.
 Dona Swann Hicksville, O.
 La Von Seibert Detroit, Mich.
 Maurice Longsworth, student.....
 Delaware, O.
 Garrett James Hicksville, O.
 Doris James Hicksville, O.
 Golda Huber-Rinz..... Defiance, O.
 Helen Olsen Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Iona Murphy Hicksville, O.
 Leota Voght-Kline Hicksville, O.
 Hazel Wonderly, teacher... Hicksville, O.
 Margaret Hall, student.... Delaware, O.

1917

Robb Cook Hicksville, O.
 Forrest Warner Toledo, O.
 Ardin Shull, farmer Hicksville, O.
 Carl Scott, traveling salesman
 Akron, O.
 Ivan Rose Midland, Mich.
 Gale Pool Gary, Ind.
 Kenneth Phillips Hicksville, O.
 Alva Miller, farmer Hicksville, O.
 William Henning, student.. Columbus, O.
 Raymond Fry, farmer Hicksville, O.
 Helen Bridenbac h..... Tiffin, O.
 Gerald Crowl Hicksville, O.
 Claud Bungard Flint, Mich.
 Gladys Stacy-Fritch Bryan, O.
 Mary Hook Huntington, Ind.
 Agnes Hider-White Detroit, Mich.
 Avis Gillette Pitcairn, Penn.
 Merle Fitzcharles, teacher.. Hicksville, O.
 Edith Blodgette-Strite Rockford, O.
 Virnice Burbower Akron, O.
 Ruth Biddle-Bates Findlay, O.
 Elizabeth Arrowsmith, student
 Columbus, O.

1918

Mabel Applegate Hicksville, O.
 Alice Beerbower Akron, O.
 Annetta Bauman Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Lewie Brown Kent, O.
 Lavonna Beltz Hicksville, O.

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Bonnie English-FryHicksville, O.
 Florence Hosack-James ..Hicksville, O.
 Pauline OtisHicksville, O.
 Frances Kimble-Getrost ..Hicksville, O.
 Vida MabreyHicksville, O.
 Ruth MooreDayton, O.
 Louise Mercer, student...Delaware, O.
 Freda Peters-CookCoal City, Ill.
 Clinnie Seibert, student...Delaware, O.
 Ruth WilletHicksville, O.
 Ralph Beerbower, student..Columbus, O.
 Eurie ElliotHicksville, O.
 Wayne KregHicksville, O.
 Newton RichardsonFarmer, O.
 Charles Overholt, student..Columbus, O.
 Fay TimbrookToledo, O.
 Enmit MastersDefiance, O.
 Nova StoyDetroit, Mich.
 Maybelle Gueth-Blythe ...Hicksville, O.
 Lottie ForderHicksville, O.

1919

Helen ArmstrongHicksville, O.
 Vada Barnes, teacherHicksville, O.
 Ward BakerHicksville, O.
 Mildred BatchelorHicksville, O.
 Winniefred Bond, teacher..Hicksville, O.
 Ensor Connie, student..Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Clair CahillHicksville, O.
 Estel Coburn, ticket agent.Hicksville, O.
 Myrtle GintherHicksville, O.
 Hattie HulbertHicksville, O.
 Elva Hilbert-HookHicksville, O.
 Richard HootmanHicksville, O.
 Florence KlecknerHicksville, O.
 Lois KlecknerHicksville, O.
 Reba LaubHicksville, O.
 Freda MaxwellHicksville, O.
 Forrest McCallaHicksville, O.
 Ralph Palmer, farmer....Hicksville, O.
 Dorothy ShellHicksville, O.
 Charles SmithHicksville, O.
 Goldie TopperHicksville, O.
 Madonna Warner, student..Columbus, O.
 Esther Howenstine, student
 Columbus, O.

1920

Doris Armstrong, teacher..Plymouth, O.
 Mary Wittig, teacher.....Hicksville, O.
 Violene OtisFt. Wayne, Ind.

Mercer PughHicksville, O.
 Helen Peeper, teacher.....Edgerton, O.
 Mabel HulbertHicksville, O.
 Olan Bricker, studentOberlin, O.
 Katherine BenderHicksville, O.
 Morris MastinHicksville, O.
 Edith Cottrill, student..Ft. Wayne, Ind.
 Lyndall StahlHicksville, O.
 Hazel FoustHicksville, O.
 Berniece Swann, teacher..Hicksville, O.
 Erma HilbertFt. Wayne, Ind.
 Reed Hook, farmerHicksville, O.
 Leila MillerHicksville, O.
 Gladys CunninghamHicksville, O.
 Vance BrickerFt. Wayne, Ind.
 Hilda WellerHicksville, O.
 Lola Bevington, student..Gainesville, Ga.
 Marjorie SmithHicksville, O.
 Herbert WilletHicksville, O.
 Emily Arrowsmith, student
 Columbus, O.
 Donald WeltyFt. Wayne, Ind.
 Birdie Burlingame-Elliott..Hicksville, O.
 Ralph SellersAuburn, Ind.
 Sidney SmithHicksville, O.
 Kathryn ConardHicksville, O.

1921

LeRay AtenHicksville, O.
 Esther MillerHicksville, O.
 Eloise CorrellHicksville, O.
 Harold ArmstrongHicksville, O.
 Kathryn JohnsonHicksville, O.
 Donaldson MonosmithHicksville, O.
 Jennie HornHicksville, O.
 DeLoy JamesHicksville, O.
 Mildred LongworthHicksville, O.
 Gerald PalmerHicksville, O.
 Vera BaumanHicksville, O.
 Mary KennerHicksville, O.
 Glenn BurgoyneHicksville, O.
 Virginia JamesHicksville, O.
 Leota HittHicksville, O.
 Fordyce MooreHicksville, O.
 Genevieve McCormickHicksville, O.
 LaRue PughHicksville, O.
 Eldin ShollMark Center, O.
 LaVeren ZuberHicksville, O.
 Lauren BrickerHicksville, O.
 Grace LashHicksville, O.
 Ray LaubHicksville, O.

Hixonian



Hart's Girl Band



Hart's Girl Band

Has Hicksville a reputation? If so how did she acquire it? May I say that the musical ability in this city excels that in any part of North Western Ohio. The Girl Band, under the leadership of Mr. O. V. Hart, is a well known and highly recommended organization. At present there are about forty girls in the band, a large percentage still going to school. Each girl is a member of the Musician's Protection Union, Local No. 699, American Federation of Musicians.

The band, under the auspices of the "Western Vaudeville Manager's Association," made a tour through the west last fall, featuring at the Corn Palace Exposition, Mitchell, S. D. and The International Wheat Show, Wichita, Kansas. This trip was enjoyed by all, not only as a "sight-seeing" expedition but from a musical standpoint as well. They are "booked out" with the same company for this coming season and expect to make a greater reputation than previously.

As soon as the girls have finished their school course the band will spend a winter in Florida. Not all of the girls will take these trips as the contract calls for only twenty-five musicians.

This spring the girls have been hustling about and playing many engagements before starting on the tour, to make money for the new uniforms which have been ordered. They are entirely different from the old uniforms and are something new. The contrasting colors and latest style make them very attractive and conspicuous.

Mr. Hart is a well known citizen of Hicksville and is capable of teaching and directing this band. He has organized several bands which are known not only here but throughout the Middle West. He is also leader of Hart's Orchestra which has played several out of town engagements.

The girls are loyal boosters of this community and their work should be appreciated by all here, as it has been in the Western States. The Band plays a repertoire of standard overtures and waltzes, snappy marches, popular syncopated songs and melodies.

Of the special features, they have a triple tongue cornet soloist, saxophone quartet and a soprano soloist.

Girls Glee Club

The Hicksville High School Girls Glee Club is an organization which has been in existence for the last two years and has established a reputation as being one of the essential organizations of the school. The aim of the club is to boost its school and have an enjoyable time in so doing.

The question often asked by the Freshmen is this, "Is there any chance for me to get into the Glee Club?" The answer is, "Yes," because it is a democratic organization. Every girl in school has an opportunity to express her desire to become a member of the Club. How? Soon after the beginning of school a general try-out is held at which every girl in school has a chance to demonstrate her ability to read notes, and the quality of her voice. From this number there are chosen about twenty-four of the best singers who constitute the Glee Club.

They appeared for the first time this year on an Athenian Literary Program, March 25. Following this they rendered appropriate selections at various times. They also sang for commencement.

PERSONNEL

GLADYS COOK	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Director</i>
MILDRED LONGSWORTH	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>President</i>
JENNIE HORN	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Vice President</i>
AMELIA LESLIE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Secretary</i>
GERALDINE BATES	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Treasurer</i>
KATHLEEN HART	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	<i>Accompanist</i>

1st Soprano	2nd Soprano	1st Alto	2nd Alto
Geraldine Bates	Amelia Leslie	Agnes Reas	Mildred Longworth
Geraldine Getrost	Esther Miller	Vera Reas	Melissa Bond
Jennie Horn	Mary Kenner	Eloise Correll	Janet Griffin
Berdina Kline	Lauretta Lucas	Carrie Wentworth	
Faith Coughanour	Bessie Forder	Grace Maxwell	
Katherine Bevington	Genevieve Mc-	Marie Hoff	
Doris Mann	Cormick		

Glee Club



Miss Cook, Bond, Horn, Leslie, Correll, Maxwell, Kenner, Wentworth
Mann, Lucas Kline, Mercer, Bates, Hart
Longworth, Bevington, Coughanour, McCormick, Griffin, Forder
V. Reas, Miller, A. Reas, Hoff, Getrost.

High School Orchestra



Blosser, Palmer, Mercer, Cruikshank, Warner
Bricker, R. Hofmeister, Cleland, Sholl, V. Hofmeister

H. H. S. Orchestra

Nearly every organization in Hicksville has within it enough musical ability to form an orchestra or small band. Hicksville has for some years been known for its musical ability. Of this ability, if of nothing else, our little city should be proud.

The high school, not to be outdone, has had an orchestra for the last three years. Previous to the last four years there was also an orchestra. This year this organization has suffered to a certain degree because of the absence of former members who have graduated. But each year the upper classmen have a large body of new recruits in the ranks of the H. H. S. from which to draw and fill the vacancies. This as usual has been done and by granting a few promotions to former members, the high school again has had an orchestra.

The orchestra has appeared on nearly every program for one or more numbers this year. None of the musicians died of stage fright and after one or two appearances, they acted much as old veterans at this line of work.

To the average person such an orchestra as is found in high school, may seem a quite petty affair. Not so; it represents a great cost, not only financially but in real, honest work, if the member does more than to merely carry around an instrument. Even after the instrument is bought and a few lessons are taken, the amateur can not execute his part at the first rehearsal. There is much rehearsing and practicing behind the curtain.

Lauren Bricker and William Cleland, both advocates of real and earnest work, were the first violinist. Although these fellows put forth their best, the orchestra was weak because of the lack of more first violins. Raymond Hofmeister and Eldin Sholl took care of the second violin parts. Eldin was a new member but rosined his bow and set to work, not selfish with his efforts. Raymond worked with real earnestness. Virgil Hofmeister decided we needed some alto to make our organization more complete, so accordingly he ushered in a new instrument with which to drown some of our strange discords. Gerald Palmer and John Blosser attempted to execute the cornet parts, the former trying a hand in coaching his fellow members. Helen Mercer was our pianist. She deserves special credit in several ways. If all had shown the spirit she flaunted an even higher goal would surely have been reached. She was the only girl in the orchestra. William Cruikshank pushed and pulled the trombone over the runs. He did very well although he was a Freshman. Roger Warner was bothered at times in keeping his clarinet from "squawking" but generally came out victorious. Roger is a Junior, so next year's orchestra is sure of a clarinet player.

Still other members of the high school practiced with the "regulars" several times but for one reason or another fell behind.

Hixonian

Glee Club Concert

May 6, 1921

PART ONE

"In Old Madrid".....*H. Trotire*
Glee Club

Violin Solo—"Cavatina".....*J. Roff*
Lola Bevington

Trio—"Mistah Boogaman".....*Alfred C. Richards*
Misses Coughanour, Bender, Armstrong

"The City Choir".....*J. A. Parks*
Glee Club

Reading.....*At a Modernest Art Exhibit*
Mildred Longworth

Quartette—"The Rosary".....*E. Nevin*
Misses Cook, Felton, Burlingame, Conrad

"Annie Laurie".....*Dudley Buck*
Glee Club

Vocal Solo—"Farewell in the Desert".....*Steven Adams*
Kathryn Conard

Readings—
 "By Rule of Contrary"
 "Oh I Dunno".....*Erma Hilbert*

"The Lost Chord".....*Sir Arthur Sullivan*
Glee Club

Melodrama—
 "Not Understood"
 "Ain't It Fine To-day?".....*Helen Peeper*

PART TWO

"It's Just Like This"

"Old Kentucky Home".....*Arr. by W. C. Sheridan*

Society

SOCIETY



Junior-Senior Banquet

The annual Junior-Senior Banquet for the year of 1920 was held May 14 in the Masonic parlors.

Gay streamers and penants of cherry red and Nile green welcomed the guests in the reception room. The dining room was beautifully decorated in old rose and white, the class colors of the guests-of-honor.

After the elaborate dinner the following program was rendered:

Selection	Orchestra
"The Start"	Garwood Peeper, Toastmaster
Response	Morris Mastin
Vocal Solo	Miss Carol Betzner
Toast	Eloise Correll
Reading	Mildred Longsworth
Piano Solo	Kathryn Johnson
Toast	Vance Bricker
Selection	Orchestra
Fortunes	

Selection	Orchestra
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This program was followed by a few remarks from each of the teachers. These were mostly humorous and afforded some embarrassment for certain of the young guests.

After singing Auld Lang Syne, many best wishes extended, and a unanimous vote cast that this banquet surpassed all preceding ones, all departed wishing that it were possible to live over again the last few years of their lives in the old H. H. S.

Kathryn Johnson, '21.

Home Economics Class Entertains Teachers

Monday evening, January thirty-first, at six o'clock the Senior girls of the high school gave a four-course dinner at the school building for the high school faculty. This social event was a most fitting demonstration of the useful knowledge the girls have received in the Home Economics Course under the supervision of Miss Gertrude Chase.

As the first evidence of the girls' ability as hostesses the faculty were greeted by a member of the class,—a very charming and efficient "manager," who ushered them into the "reception hall." Here each was supplied with "dignity chasers" in the form of the latest creations in spring millinery,—all having the Senior class colors of Nile Green and Cherry Red in predominance.

Further and more conclusive evidence of the extremely practical value of Home Economics training was received at the dinner table itself. Not only were the decorations and service in the best of form, but the food itself showed that scientific cooking produced only the best, and that the girls were able to put their theoretical training to practical use.

A hearty vote of thanks was given the girls for their delightful dinner. Much credit is due Miss Chase for the success of the occasion.

Hixonian



Lyceum Course

The Lyceum Course for the year of 1920-1921 presented by the Lecture Course Committee of the home town was the best ever for the money. Early in the season before the first number, the Senior Class canvassed the town in the sale of season tickets, which proved very successful. The tickets were sold at a very reasonable price and as a result a large number were placed in the hands of the public.

The Garner Jubilee Company and male quartett, which consisted of the seven best colored artists of the country, rendered some very good selections. They mastered, with much harmony and expression, old camp meeting favorites and spirituals, besides classical and popular numbers.

Miss DeMarco and Mr. Aistrup are artists first, then entertainers. Miss DeMarco put before the public, harp and piano selections besides a clever little lecturette entitled, "Italy and Customs." Mr. Aistrup rendered selected violin music which was appreciated by all. Their piano, harp and violin selections, readings and impersonations and costumed numbers, rounded out a program of exceptional merit.

The DelMar Ladies Quarett gave a delightful entertainment. Besides vocal quartette work, their varied program consisted of delightful combinations such as 'cello, vio'in and piano, costumed sketches, readings and humorous skits in which each one took a part.

Herbert Leon Cope, humorist, known as "Kill the Blues" Cope, gave an entertainment which made everyone laugh. He has made a bright day for many, especially the soldiers who, during the war, said, "He can make a horse laugh." His platform greatness is won by his restless medley of fun, common sense, classic beauty and magnetic pathos which he brings before the world. The world needs his message of cheer.

Dr. Lincoln McConnell L.L.D., "The Guy that Delivers the Goods," is an instructor as well as an entertainer, a most exhilarating and refreshing "Tonic Talk" which actually put "pep" in "pepless" people.

Davis, Master Magician, explained many wizardly tricks in an artistic way. He carries a large amount of paraphenalia and employs an assistant who makes the entertainment run smoothly and without waits. He is one of the most clever magicians on the road and the program was enjoyed by all from beginning to end. His wit and humor, besides his wonderful magic feats kept a person busy while watching his work.

This course was a success and proved itself worthy of public appreciation. The same method of distributing season tickets will likely be used next year. Let everyone be ready to buy and to boost the Lyceum Course for the following year.

Senior Class Parties

The masked riders paid a visit to the home of Gerald Palmer on the evening of October 30. Their prancing steeds were modern "lizzies." The party consisted of five girls, one chaperon, and about a dozen boys.

"How-d'-ya-like your neighbor" and "wink-on-the-sly" were the popular games of the evening. Vance Bricker gave a demonstration on removing wax and paint, especially the removing of a wax nose.

At a late hour refreshments were served; at still a later hour the party returned to town.

A flock of rather large snowbirds alighted at the home of LaRue Pugh on the evening of December 17. They were ushered into the kitchen where they disposed of their snowy garments and disclosed the jolly Senior class.

Games were played, such as telling your fortune by your initials. The boys were displaying their vocal talents, and everything was going splendidly when a cry, "They're swiping the eats," gave our boys a chance to show what brave heroes they were.

After the rescued refreshments had been served the Christmas tree afforded much amusement. Here also the girls were shown (by the nature of their gifts) that the boys were not bashful nor backward; though some were ashamed to own up for whose present they were responsible.

More games were played but these were interrupted, about midnight, by the lights going out. With the aid of an oil lamp, wraps were found and all started for home, with the darkness prevailing.

K. J. '21.

The Senior boys, desiring to change the routine of parties, entertained the girls at the school house on the evening of January 28. Although the attendance was not record breaking, a jolly good time was enjoyed by everyone there. The piano was given a rest while various games were played and also while the refreshments, (which the girls had to admit were good) were going through the process of mastication. For once everybody enjoyed the fact that they could have all they wanted to eat (thanks to the efforts of the insignificant boys). The party adjourned at an early hour.

L. B. '21.

Junior Class Parties

The Juniors' first class affair was a watermelon party which occurred on Friday evening, September twenty-fourth, at the home of Miss LaVerne Weaner.

It was a warm, pleasant evening and in spite of the fact that members of the faculty acted as chaperons a very good time was enjoyed by all.

The greater part of the evening was spent in playing outdoor games, after which each one, especially Mr. Lutterbein, enjoyed a feast of delicious, ripe watermelons. Then we were invited into the house where Miss Cook, Miss Ice and Mr. Lutterbein entertained us for a while by telling weird ghost stories. But alas, just as we became interested in parlor games, we were reminded that it was nearing twelve o'clock. After thanking the hostess for the splendid time, we all departed for home.

A. R. '22.

On Friday evening of October 22 the jolly Juniors assembled at the American building to go (?)—only the committee knew where—for a weiner roast and marshmallow-bake.

We went to a beautiful grove and after a short time the woods were illuminated by a bon-fire which the boys built. Then we played games and when all were needing a rest we had a feast on weiner sandwiches, pickles and marshmallows. We played for a short time longer until our chaperons, the Misses Lilly, Ice and Chase informed us that it was drawing nigh the wee hours of the night. Then, as soon as the fire was extinguished, we all started back toward town.

B. K. '22.

On the evening of January 7, 1921, the Junior class held a party in the halls and rooms of the schoolhouse. In spite of the rain and the fact that the town was in darkness, twenty-six were present. Miss Lilly, Miss Ice and Mr. Lutterbein acted as chaperons. Many rousing songs were sung as an opening for the various games that followed. Each person received two sheets of red and one of purple paper and five pins with which to manufacture a hat; the results were many and varied. A delicious lunch was then served. Another hour of games followed, after which all departed, declaring that they had had a very pleasant evening.

L. W. '22.

Sophomore Parties

The first Sophomore class party was a Christmas affair at the home of Kathleen Hart. It was a beautiful evening, not very cold, but snowing. A large number were present. A Christmas tree had been put up, under which there was a present for everyone. Misses Lilly, Fowler, and Cook were the chaperons and kept things lively. Kathleen gave a few selections on the piano and then contests were started. Small prizes were given to the winners. One contest was to see who could make the best hat out of tissue paper. Miss Fowler received the prize. Next the presents were taken from the Christmas tree. "Bozie" distributed them with much grace. Some of the presents were useful but most of them were jokes. This caused much merriment and took up a large part of the evening.

Refreshments were served. A few games were played and then all decided to leave at an hour suitable for Sophomores. Every one voted the party a success and one to be remembered.

F. L. '23.

The second Sophomore party was held in the school house on Friday evening, February 4. Mr. Randolph was the chaperon. This was a Valentine affair and the evening was spent in contests and games. Light refreshments were served and the party broke up at a late hour.

K. H. '23.



Freshmen Parties

The first Freshmen party was held at the home of Marie Hoff. This was the first occasion which the Freshmen had had for getting acquainted socially.

Misses Fowler, Lilly and Cook undertook the difficult task of keeping the Freshies out of mischief. Games and contests were the chief entertainment of the evening. About eleven o'clock a light lunch was served, and strange to say, pickles were partaken of freely.

The Freshmen dispersed at an early hour, all having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Wildred Hovarter entertained the Freshmen class January 21, at her home two and a half miles out of town. The regular class chaperon, not being able to attend the party, Mr. Lutterbein was selected to act as chaperon pro tempore. The Freshmen, although slightly fearful of the masterful chaperon, attended in a large body.

The road being impassable for autos, the party made the journey in several buggies and one wagon drawn by horses of the long-eared species.

Contests, "Pig-in-the-Parlor," and other games formed the entertainment of the evening. Mr. Lutterbein was as much a youngster as any there. When lunch was served at eleven-thirty, he declared that he could eat a double portion.

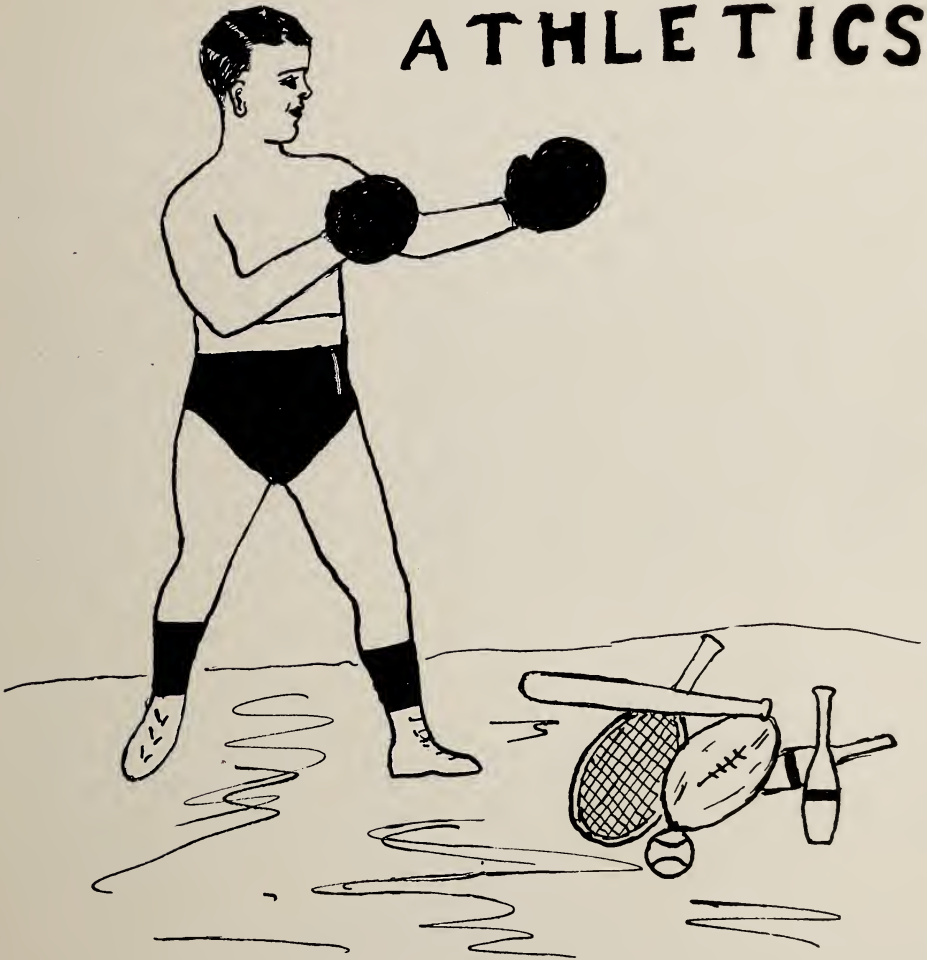
About midnight the party started for home in a pouring rain. All were home, with a few exceptions, by two o'clock. Some were rather damp in appearance but the high spirits were not even moist. Saturday morning found few Freshmen without colds.

On Friday evening, March 25, the Freshmen held a party at the schoolhouse. Mr. Lutterbein acted as chaperon; Mrs. Lutterbein and baby were also present for a while. Contests and parlor games afforded most of the amusement for the evening. There were about forty Freshmen present. At ten-thirty a light lunch was served. Soon it began thundering and lightening and the Freshmen made a hurried departure; the ones living near the schoolhouse arrived home safe and sound but the others were well soaked.

G. M. '24.

Athletics

ATHLETICS





B. H. LUTTERBEIN, *Coach*

Although this was his first year at Hicksville he made a "hit" with the fellows on the squad. Partly because he was always ready for a good joke and also because of his ability to keep them at work. Before the game if you felt a little "off feed," all that was necessary was a short talk with "Coach" and the first thing you knew you felt like "eating" the other team. The Coach knew the game himself and by his showing, it did not take long for the fellows to get the ways bumped into them.

See the Coach

If the backfield's going slow—
See the coach.
If you fail to hit 'em low—
See the coach.
If your man is coming through,
And you don't know what to do,
But you're mad and sore clear through—
See the coach.
If you're fakes don't work at all—
See the coach.
If the ends can't hold the ball—
See the coach.
If they've played you off your feet,
If you're stifled with the heat,
And you fear your getting beat—
See the coach.

Hicksville High Songs

Dear old Hicksville High School we love
you,
Dear old Hicksville High School,
To you we will be true,
Dear old Hicksville High School
You'll cheer for us we know,
That is why we love our
Hicksville High School so.

Fight for old Hicksville, fight for to win,
Fight for a finish never give in
If you do your best, boys, we'll do the
rest boys,
Fight on to victory! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hicksville will shine tonight, Hicksville will shine,
Hicksville will shine tonight won't that be fine,
We'll work the forward pass, we'll cross their line,
15-14-16-9, Hicksville will shine.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Team! Team! Team!

Team Rah! Team Rah!
Rah! Rah! Team!

Who's our captain?
He's a bold bad man,
He's a desperado,
Straight from Cripplecreek, Colorado,
When he hits that line
There'll be a tornado,
Everywhere he goes he gives his war
whoop.

Dear old Hicksville 'leven
We love you
Dear old Hicksville 'leven
To you we will be true.
Dear old Hicksville 'leven
You'll fight for us we know.
That is why we love our,
Hicksville 'leven so.

When your up your up,
When your down your down,
When your up against Hicksville
Your upside down.

Ice cream, soda water, ginger ale, pop
Hicksville High School always on top.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hicksville High, Hicksville Hi!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hicksville High, Hicksville Hi!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hicksville High, Hicksville Hi!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hicksville High, Hicksville Hi!
Hicksville!

Why Athletics?

In our eagerness to develop the minds of the boys and girls of our country, we as a nation have been guilty of one serious crime, namely the neglect of the body. True, from his chin down, a man is worth only a few dollars a day, while from his chin up, there is no limit to his value, but the value of a man from his chin up depends to a large extent upon the condition of his body from his chin down.

We admit that there have been many notable examples of men physically deficient who have made a success in life but these men have been exceptions to the rule. It would be interesting to investigate and find out how many of the important men of today started out in life with a poor physical development. A large proportion of them owe their success to the fact that they, "While their companions slept," had the physical endurance to peg away at the tasks assigned them.

To any man who has made a study of the question, athletics need no defense. There are, however, many sensible and well meaning people in every community who cannot see the value of a game. To them baseball is simply a meaningless conglomeration of balls, strikes and fouls, while football differs from a free-for-all fight only in that it is limited to twenty-two men. Being unfamiliar with the rules they fail to see the fine points of the game. The fast thinking, instant action and good judgment of the players escapes their notice, and they fail to realize that the game that looks dangerous, and would be dangerous to a novice, has been made safe through weeks and months of training and through a system of sensible rules, well enforced.

The World War awakened the American people to the fact that many of the young men of today are physically unfit. This knowledge came to us as somewhat of a shock but the wonder is not that so many men are physically unfit, but that in a country where so little attention has been devoted to physical education, so many physically fit men could be found.

The men who had participated in athletics made the best soldiers. They had learned to think quickly and knew how to take care of themselves where life and death were separated by a split second. They had learned to be loyal and true to their comrades who fought beside them; they had learned to be loyal to their Alma Mater on the diamond and on the gridiron and without hesitation they transferred that same loyalty to Uncle Sam in his hour of need.

We hope that there will never be another great war and that our young men will never again be called to arms in defense of their country. Be that as it may, let us bear in mind that a man unfit for the struggles of war is also unfit for the struggles of peace. We are entering an era of the keenest competition America has ever known. America can be no greater than the source of her greatness, the American people. Let our ultimate goal be, a sound mind in a sound body for every American. If we even approximate this goal we need fear neither a military nor commercial foe. What are you doing for your country? Start in on yourself.

B. H. Lutterbein.



Hixonian



ROGER WARNER - "*Chick*" - Fullback.

"Chick" was captain of the squad. His fight and pep pulled the team through many stiff games. "Chick's" weight and speed made him a valuable man for line plunging. He will be a great help next year in "lining up" the new men.

CARLUS MILLER - "*Miller*"

Miller was just the man to help "Montie" in his quarter sneaks and got the ball to the back field every time. Miller played a good game at half. He was a new find this year.

LAUREN BRICKER - "*Brick*"

"Brick" was a valuable man on the line. He was light but fast enough to get the jump on his opponent and knock him off his feet before he could get started. "Brick" got his wrist sprained in the last game of the season. Bricker will graduate this year and the team will miss a good player and worker.

Hixonian

LEROY ATEN - "Jud"

Here is a man who can play tackle and end with equal efficiency. He is a bear-cat on offensive plays and a tower of strength on the defensive. "Jud's" hands are much to be feared. We hate to say good-bye, "Jud."

LAUREN APPLEGATE - "Apple" - Tackle

Did you ever bump into a brick wall and then have it fall on you? This is the sensation you get when you hit or get hit by "Apple." This man is only a Junior and should tear up the line next year with ease. He played a whiz of a game at guard or tackle.

JOHN BLOSSER - "Blossom"

Here is another man who made good in his first year of football. John could always be depended upon to take care of his man. With two more years ahead of him John should finish school with a fine football record.



Hixonian



DONALDSON MONOSMITH "*Montie*" Guard

Here is a typical preacher's son who made quarter-back on the team. "*Montie*" got his quarter sneaks through in fine style and succeeded in "balling up" the other team. Here is another fellow the Juniors must feed for the last time.

DONALD O'NIEL - "*Dubbie*"

When it came to playing guard or tackle, "*Dubbie*" could always be depended upon to do a little more than his share. He was a heavy weight and also had some speed. His only bad habit was stepping in his man's face.

DOUGLAS WARNER "*Duckie*" Left Half-back

Some people think brothers can't work together in the back field but "*Chick*" and "*Duckie*" did. This man was as good as his name and always hit the hole. "*Duckie*" has two more years.

DALLAS JOHNSON - "Chas"

To hear "Chas" laugh and then have him hit you, would make you think of a steam roller. "Chas" delighted in breaking through the line and spoiling plays before they were started.

REIGN HADSEIL - "Cotton"

This man broke into the rough game in fine style this fall and won a letter. He was always out to practice and could be put on the line without weakening it. "Cotton" is a Junior.

WENDELL CULLER - "Windy"

Fast on his feet, good at taking passes and using his head, "Windy" played to a finish. With one more year to play, this fellow should give a good account of himself.



Hixonian

GLENN BURGOYNE "*Bur*" Right Half-back

Although "*Bur*" was not as heavy, he was just as fast on his feet. He was good on end runs and at grabbing passes out of the clouds. Good luck "*Burr*," but we hate to lose you.

PIERRE SWAN - "*Snake*" - Left End

"*Snake*" was a fanatic along two lines—catching passes and "breaking up" end runs. He was light and fast. Ask Farmer if he was fast. "*Snake*" and "*Jud*" liked to fix up spills for the men they played against.

A Footballer is a funny guy,
A bandage is upon his eye,
Many lumps are on his head
His nose is often raw and red,
'Tis seldom that he isn't lame
And yet he likes it just the same.

A. O. Courtesy Spoondrift

Wearers of the H

Glenn Burgoyne	Football, Basketball, Baseball.
Donald Monosmith	Football, Basketball, Baseball.
LeRoy Aten	Football, Basketball.
Lauren Bricker	Football, Baseball.
Roger Warner	Football, Basketball, Baseball.
Carlus Hadsell	Football, Baseball.
Lauren Applegate	Football.
Wendell Culler	Football.
Dallas Johnson	Football.
Douglas Warner	Football.
Donald O'Neil	Football, Baseball.
John Blosser	Football.
Mildred Longworth	Football.
LaRue Pugh	Basketball.
Eloise Correll	Basketball.
Vera Bauman	Basketball.

Foot Ball

Hicksville started the season with a green team and light material. In spite of the fact that many of the players were new they soon learned how to play their man. The result of the scores does not tell the tale. In many of the games the Hicksville team really outplayed their opponents but were defeated by superior weight. Because several of the older men were lost to the team on account of their grades more new men had to be substituted. In spite of this fact the team improved steadily throughout the season. The Thanksgiving day game at Garrett, and the post season game at Farmer (in which a number of the regulars could not participate) proved that the team was beginning to strike its stride. We are eagerly looking forward to next season.

1—Payne at Payne. Sept. 24.

The day would have been better for swimming than for football, but we walked over Payne's heavier team with a score of 59-0. Many new men were in this game and "they showed up good."

2—Napoleon here. Oct. 1.

Napoleon had a much heavier team and also more old men who understood the game better. This ended in a defeat for us, but it was a good thing for it showed some of our men that they still had much to learn before they were vets.

3—Edon at Edon.

Here was the second defeat of the season but we played a good team, a bad referee and a fighting crowd of old men. One of our best line men got put out of the game for "talking hard." Edon canceled the return game with us on our own field.

4—Convoy here. Game canceled. Oct. 15.

5—Garrett here. Oct. 22.

Garrett had nearly all their old men from the army, ranging in age from 19-22. At first we thought the score would be bad for two first string men were out with injuries received in the Edon game. The score ended 40-12 in favor of the visitors.

6—Payne here. Oct. 29.

This game was like the first game of the season in many respects. The day was much cooler and the Payne team went down again with a defeat of 47-0.

7—Defiance at Defiance. Nov. 6.

Defiance had a team to match Napoleon or Garrett, but at the end of the first half the score stood 13-7 in favor of Defiance. Hicksville's light team had carried the ball through their heavy line for a touchdown, nearly the length of the field. Defiance came back strong in the last half, and with a different arrangement of their line, ran the score up in the last half.

Hixonian

8—Holgate here. Nov. 13.

These fellows were a little heavier than our team but they had the wrong idea about a light team. At the end of the game the score was 19-12 in favor of Hicksville. This was one of the cleanest and best games of the season.

9—Van Wert at Van Wert. Nov. 19.

A bad rainy day and a worse field which we were not used to, was partly the cause for the defeat. The score was 26-0. Van Wert and Hicksville could show a good game on a dry field.

10—Garrett at Garrett. Nov. 25.

Hicksville went to Garrett with only the men who play next year. By good fighting and head work our boys held Garrett to a score of 20-0 on their own field, three of the Seniors being out of the game.

11—Farmer at Farmer. Dec. 3.

Here was the game of games. Farmer had not lost a game all season, and wanted very much to beat Hicksville. The day was fine. Capt. "Chick" was out of our team with a bad knee. In the first half Farmer had a slight advantage with their long punts. Our line held the plunges and our ends broke up the forward passes and end runs. Our backfield made as many gains as theirs. Both teams came within a few feet of scoring. The score was 0-0, and it "sure was some game."



Second Foot Ball Team



Mapes, Miller, Hart, Cleland,
Jordan, Hefty, Carr, Timbrook, Hofmeister, Custer, Battershell.

Mapes, Miller, Hart, Cleland, Jordan, Hefty, Carr, Timbrook, Hofmeister, Custer and Battershell. All these fellows helped make the first team, as much as the first team fellows themselves. Without this loyal group, the first team could not have gotten in shape. Next year these men will take the places of some of the men who graduate and it can be safely said they will fill their places well.

Base Ball Team



Smith, Bricker, Cleland, Lutterbein Coach, Burgoyne, O'Neil
Culler, C. Miller, D. Warner, L. Miller, D. Hadsell

1920 Base Ball Season

Due to the fact that smallpox invaded our little city last spring only four games could be played.

The first game was with Paulding. In spite of the rumors that had been circulating through the school regarding the efficiency of the Paulding team they were no match for our men, who defeated them 32-0.

The second game was with Edgerton. This was a real game. Edgerton had several men who knew how to connect with the ball. The final score was 10-4 in our favor.

Van Wert came thirty-five miles to meet defeat at the hands of our team. Both teams were determined to win. Our boys came out with a 10-7 victory.

The last game of the season was with Garrett, Ind., our old but friendly enemies. Our men did not seem to be able to connect with the "Fifty-seven Varieties" of curves which the Garrett pitcher insisted on putting over. It was the only defeat of the season. Garrett went home with a 15-1 victory.

The line-up for the season follows:

PitcherS. Smith
CatcherM. Sholl
1stGeo. Peeper
2ndD. Monosmith
S. S.D. Warner
3rdL. Smith

L. FieldL. Miller
C. FieldG. Burgoyne
R. FieldL. Bricker
UtilityC. Miller
UtilityD. O'Neil

These fellows deserve much praise for the way they handled themselves under difficulties. Many of them were new at the game but Mr. Randolph got them in fine shape in the least possible time. When everything was going good, smallpox broke out and most of the games spoiled. However we won three out of the four we did play. If we had been allowed to finish our schedule we would have had many more victories to our honor.

Basket Ball

Hicksville had the material for a championship basketball team this year, but due to the fact that all available space was occupied by the business concerns of the city it was impossible to find a suitable floor. This state of affairs is all the more deplorable because a number of the old stars will graduate in June and will consequently be lost to the high school for good.

It is to be hoped that next year the high school will be able to find a suitable place to play and to accommodate the crowds that always come to see the games. It is just possible that the community building will be far enough along by that time so that the games may be played there. If not, some other provision should be made.

We can have anything we want if we want it bad enough. Let's make up our minds to want a basketball floor next year. Not a small make-believe affair but a real floor. Are you on?

Coach.

Boy Scouts of America

Among the various organizations of the town, perhaps none other is more directly interested in the welfare of the youth of today and the manhood of tomorrow than Troop No. 1 of the Boy Scouts of America. It is true indeed that other organizations wish to see the young manhood directed in a clean, straightforward way and are quite desirous of having it done, but it is the lot of the Boy Scouts to take the active part in the direction and attainment of those qualities desired. This organization takes the boys from the age of twelve and upwards and endeavors to instill in them the ideals of Americanism and of true manhood. It aims to develop in the plastic minds of the boy those principles of trust, loyalty, courage, thrift and reverence which will guide him along life's pathway to a successful career.

The organization itself is a comparatively new one, being the outgrowth of earlier plans and attempts at organization of clubs, etc. for boys. However the plan of the Boy Scouts as we know it today had its conception in the mind of an Englishman, whose heart was so big and ideals so high that he was willing to sacrifice for the good of the boys. Later when one of our own Americans who was traveling in England was befriended by one of these Scouts he realized that this was the thing for the American boy, and today through his efforts we have the Boy Scouts of America. At first the organization reached only a few, and even today after several years of effort only a small percentage of the boys of Scouting age have the privilege of membership, but as it grows slowly it is growing surely and in a few more years it will have reached those proportions that will give this privilege to practically every American boy, and thus bring to him the bigger and better things of his youth.

Today we may go into almost any city of our land and see or hear of the Boy Scouts. They are in every live community and are a boon to that community. You may hear or read of a Scout saving life; of a Scout befriending some one; of a Scout sacrificing his own pleasure to the service of someone else; of a Scout who is willing to stand for right and stamp out wrong; of a Scout who is reverent to his God and respectful to the convictions of other persons. These things are the things that make Scouting worth while, and thanks be to the ones who are willing to sacrifice time and energy to bring these things to the youth of today.

The scouting program endeavors to interest the boy in his own welfare by placing before him an ever widening circle of attainments and possibilities to be reached by his own efforts through the help of someone in the capacity of advisor. This program outlines three classes of Scouts, the Tenderfoot, Second Class and First Class Scout. In addition to this, certain merit badges are awarded for completing requirements along definite lines of effort such as: Athletics, Architecture, Bird Study, Carpentry, Gardening, Public Health, and many similar ones, sixty in all. If a boy has any ambition or energy he can make himself a worth while member of society by following the outlined program of scouting.

The organization in Hicksville is not entirely a new one, there having been a previous organization which was disbanded about two years ago. The new organization is built upon the old, and while it is not yet to the point of its highest efficiency, it is slowly going forward and will sooner or later attain that position which will make it the vital factor in the life of the boys of Hicksville. While the organization is independent of school government its aim is to work with the school for those same principles that the school would make a part of the citizen of tomorrow.

Jokes
Calendar
Advertising



A yard of silk,
A hank of hair,
Two darling eyes,
With baby stare.

An elf-like voice
With tempting coo
And ankles trim,
A pair will do!

A cosy room,
A shaded lamp,
And there you are
One little vamp!

Buster: "Oh! I think you are awful—"
Pat: "Yeh?"
Buster: "Nice!"

He seized her in the dark and kissed her;
For a moment bliss was his.
"Oh!" he said, "I thought it was my
sister!"
She laughed and said, "It is!"

Wendell's mother: "Do you detect any
musical ability in my son?"
Mr. Hart: "Madame, I am not a de-
tective."

Hixonian

Class Poem as She Should Be Wrote

We have had our fun a-plenty
In this class of one and twenty,
And the murder we committed was a shame;
We have surely lived in clover,
And were we to do it over,
You can bet that every one would do the same.

In the lectures while we're snoring,
Prof then thinks that we're encoring,
And we really are—we'd like to sleep some more;
But he stares with glances icy,
So we snore another high C,
For we're dreaming of the femmes the night before.

In our sad but waking quizzes,
There are heard dismayed, "Gee whizzes,"
At the questions that those pedagogues do ask;
And we're filled with consternation—
Concentration—desperation,
But the night brings exultation—and a flask.

And so let us tip our glasses
To the profs of all our classes,
(If we cannot toast with booze we'll drink near-beer)
Dean said, "Lack of application,"
So some left on a vacation,
And what's left of us are lucky that we're here.

—Judge.

Army: "This is a splendid floor to dance on."

Cleo: "How do you know, you've been on my feet all evening."

Virginia J.: "Miss Chase, are raw oysters healthy?"

Miss Chase: "Well, I never heard of one having a doctor."

DRAMA

ACT 1—Their eyes met.

ACT 2—Their lips met.

ACT 3—Their souls met.

ACT 4—Their lawyers met.

Esther: "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Mony: "No, but there is a little Miss in by engine."

Miss Fowler: "Fordyce, what does insecticide mean?"

Fordyce: "Suicide for insects."

Burdette: "When you told your father that I did not smoke, drink or gamble, what did he say?"

Ercel: "He said he did not want me to marry a perfect man, but that you were such an accomplished liar he guessed you would do."

A pair of wool stockings with purple
clocks,

A sweater of brilliant hue,
A round of white collar with narrow tie,
A dark brown oxford shoe,

A short plaid skirt, and a big fur coat,
Bobbed hair, and a henna hat—

I am sure that no one could tell us apart
If I only wern't so fat!

Officer: "Scotch, eh?"

He: "Yes, Terrier."

"What are you going to do? Survey?"

"No, we are going to measure the town
for a coffin—it's dead."

New Acquaintance

"Do you know Donaldson Monosmith?"

Jud: "Well—rather. We sleep in the
same Physics class."

We may live without poetry, music and
art,

We may live without conscience, we may
live without heart.

We may live without friends, we may
live without looks,


But civilized man cannot live without
cooks.

"Where am I?" he asked as he gazed
out the open window at the shell-wreck-
ed village and the torn-up wheat field.

"Why," said the nurse to soothe his
feelings, "you are back in Ireland."


"Well, the saints be praised," he cried,
again taking in the view, "we've got
home rule at last!"

The less a man has in his skull the
more he needs in his pocket.



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THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL
*The Highest Class Talking
Machine in the World*

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the best there is just
one phonograph and
that is the Sonora, su-
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-21-

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The Highest Class Talking Machine
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Hicksville, Ohio

Diamonds

F. G. Getrost
Jeweler and
Optometrist

The Store With the
Street Clock

Our optical department is replete
in every detail for a perfect eye-
test.

Silverware

Mr. Armstrong: "What did Grant do with Pemberton's army?"

Harold Armstrong: "He put them on the pay-roll."

A Little Pretender

We laugh at the professor's jokes

No matter what they be.

Not because they're funny jokes,

But because it's policy!

Illustrating Density

Miss Fowler: "What is density?"

Elmer Miller: "I can't define it, but I can give an illustration."

Miss Fowler: "The illustration is good. Sit down."

Riff-Raugh

The motorist started to laugh

When he saw he'd run over the caught,
And without turning his head,

He boastfully said:

"I am sure that I cut him in haugh."

Mrs. Armstrong: "I heard you talking to yourself while you were taking your bath. Harry, that's a very bad custom."

Mr. Armstrong: "I wasn't talking to myself; I was talking to the soap. I slipped on it and fell."

Where Was His Dad?

Harold sat on the moonlight deck,

His head was in a whirl,

His eyes and mouth were full of hair,

His arms were full of girl.

LaVerne: "Isn't Nib up-to-date?"

Juanita: "I should say so! He taught me seven new ways of saying good-night in one week."

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Pure fresh fancy box goods,
every box guaranteed
to be fresh.

Phone 52

F. C. Buck, Prop.

Phone 252

"Who would you
Like to see
Next to me?"
Asked he
And she,
In glee,
To he,
Said
"Me."

Jennie: "I met a wonderful million-
aire the other night, but he doesn't care
a bit for women."

Lloyd: "That's probably the reason he
is a millionaire."

Gerald: "Well, I have at last got a
girl."

DeLoy: "I knew you would. You
know the old saying, 'There's a persim-
mon for every possum.'"

Gerald: "I am afraid that I have got-
ten a green one."

DeLoy: "Oh, she made your mouth
pucker eh?"

Miss Ice: "What is the prominent
women's club in America?"

Guy V.: "The rolling pin."

How many a young girl's blush remains
unseen

Because of too much drug store in be-
tween.

Ercel: "I wouldn't trust that man as
far as the end of my nose!"

LaVerne: "That's too far to trust
any man."

Mary: "Too near, you mean."

The gushing girl likes to listen to all
sorts of extravagant talk while the timid
girl is happy to sit and blush when her
beau grins.

Office Hours: 1 to 5; 7 to 8

CHIROPRACTIC

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Green Houses

Phone 178

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Accessories

W. B. Bricker

The Practical Prune

They had been sitting in the movies
For two long hours;
And it was nearly time for
The final clinch,
And yet he had not once
Tried to
Hold her hand.
And so it was she who had to
Let her hand slip over
To where it belonged,
Which puzzled him
Perplexedly
For quite a while.
But at last he saw it all
And then he took her hand in his
And Deftly
Wound her wrist—watch!

In all this wrangle to reform,
Ye heated non-conformers
In seeking to reform reform—
Oh, first reform reformers!

Cop: "Here! Where did you steal
that rug from?"

Tramp: "I didn't steal it. A lady up
the street gave it to me and told me to
beat it."

Disgusted Professor: "What did you
come to college for, any way? You are
not studying."

Bobby Rahrah: "Well, mother says
it's to fit me for the Presidency; Uncle
Jim, to sow my wild oats; sister Helen,
to get a chum for her to marry; and dad,
to bankrupt the family."

Mildred: "Since you have broken your
engagement with Jim what did you do
with the ring?"

Jennie: "Why I sent it back of course."

Mildred: "You did?"

Jennie: "Yes, but I kept the stone."

Winchester

Guns

Ammunition

Tools

Cutlery



Winchester

Flashlights

Batteries

Fishing Tackle

Skates

What
“The Winchester Store”
means to you

For several months this store has been known as
“The Winchester Store” of Hicksville.

This means that we have been selected as the
exclusive agency for new Winchester products.

In addition to the world-famous Winchester guns
and ammunition we now have Winchester hard-
ware—made according to the same exacting
standards and rigid inspections and backed by the
Winchester guarantee

New Winchester Lines include:

Tools, Fishing Tackle, Cutlery,
Skates, Flashlights, Batteries

Come in and inspect the new Winchester lines

GEO. H. FERRIS

The Winchester Store

A Complaint

One boiling August day an aged colored man, who was pushing a barrow of bricks, paused to dash the sweat from his dusky brow; then, looking towards the sun, he apostrophized it thus: "Fo' the land's sake, whar wuz yuh last Jan-oary?"

Hasten Men

Woman is the fairest work of the great Author. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy.

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting.

"There's another of those things that is so unfair," said one.

"What is that?" said his friend.

He pointed to the scene: "Women doing men's work."

Paradise Lost

Two little niggers

On a bridge a-sittin';

Two little dice

Jumpin and a-skippin';

Two little holes

Dice start a-slipin';

Paradise lost!

Vera has her weather eye out for a rain beau.

The two taxicabs met in a head-on collision, but when the rescuers reached him 'neath the tangled mass, the lone passenger was grinning broadly.

"Look! look!" he giggled, as they drew him out, "the darn meter is busted."

Hart

School of Music

O. V. Hart, Director

Course of Private Lessons
on Band and Orchestra
Instruments

Phone 43

As an ad for this year's
Annual

I have none

But a wish that each graduate

May attain the goal of success

In their life's work as they
Leave their school days in
Hicksville High.

Byard E. Repp

Hicksville Chamber *of* Commerce

Hicksville, Ohio

An Organization for the Promotion of the
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Residence 74

Play a little ping pong,
Have a little chat,
Make a little chocolate fudge,
Then go find your hat.
Say you've had a jolly time,
As she waves her fan,
Now isn't that exciting sport
To tempt a healthy man?

Mr. Armstrong (in Civics class):
"Who would get the job if the President
should die?"

Ray Laub: "The undertaker."

Your happiness depends upon the level
of your ideals.

Jud: "Mother, what is a parlor Bol-
shevik?"

Mother: "A parlor Bolshevik, my son,
is any man who smokes in the parlor
and then throws the ashes on the floor."

Back in the days of powdered wigs,
Of minuets and fancy jigs,
Quaint speeches were the rule with men
And all the dames believed 'em then.

If all people have iron in their blood,
the Irish must have scrap iron in theirs.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye.
And any man that gets it for that
'S a doggonelucky guy!

1871

1921

Forty-nine Years in the Hardware
Trade

Compliments of

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Hicksville, - - - - - Ohio



CALENDAR



MAY '20.

13. Local baseball team wins game over Paulding High.
14. Preparations under way for annual Junior-Senior banquet. Freshmen cast longing glances at Upper Classmen.
19. Mildred L. entertains Junior class and faculty in honor of Miss Betzner, who expresses it this way, "Really folks this is so unexpected."
21. Senior Class bids au revoir to faculty.
Win victory over Van Wert.
23. Exams start. Midnight oil burned by the barrel.
24. School closes. Quarantined for smallpox. Commencement and Alumni called off.

JUNE

16. "District Attorney" arrives at last.

SEPTEMBER

6. School days, school days,
Dear old school days.
Readin', writin' and arithmetic,
All to the tune of the hickory stick.

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Everything in Meats

Home-made Bologna
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Goods Delivered To All
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All kinds of Paints and Varnishes
Including Sherwin-Williams Floorlac

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Field, Hog and Poultry Fencing

Sewer Tile

Auto and Tractor Oils

Consult Us Before Buying

Phone 21

7. Freshmen act like ducks out of water. Green ducks are rare. Upper Classmen guide wandering ones to class during first week.
8. Cheese and onion soup made by Senior girls in first Lab. nearly resulted in extinguishing of said class.
9. Football organized.
Carrie Wentworth's idea of a trust is to have a monopoly on Olin Bricker's affections.
10. Everybody wearing their noses on their chins and limping around with a sigh 'cause it's raining.
15. Oh boy! The Defiance County Fair. Three whole days' vacation.
20. Miss Partee substitutes for Miss Lilly.
21. Played hookey today, no news.
22. Jud and Money have a discussion over (?) Money: "I wouldn't be a fool if I were you Jud." Jud: "That's the most sensible thing you've said—if you were I you certainly wouldn't be a fool."
23. Win game from Payne.
24. Senior History test proved delightful. Cruel world.
28. Pep meeting followed by bonfire on campus and snake dance through High.
29. Napoleon defeats H. H. S., but we have planned our battle of Waterloo.

OCTOBER

3. Vera and Eloise quickly leave the assembly at request of Lilly and spend remainder of period on fire escape.
4. Faith across the aisle to Jennie, "Why, Dallas even carries my picture in his watch." Jennie: "Probably has an idea he can love you in time."
5. Mr. L. asked following in Junior History: "Why did the Arab fold up his tent and silently steal away?" One who is always bluffing: "I suppose they had their housing problems then the same as now."
9. Chick says he and Glenn ate at a restaurant in Sherwood the other night which had a sign out in front reading, "Our tongue sandwiches speak for themselves." Chick says the one he had was a liar if it said it was good.

E. M. Bilderback

Dealer in

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Nets and Robes**

**Everything in the Harness
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Hicksville, Ohio

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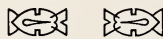
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Tri State College

Angola, Indiana

11. Mr. L. gives school a talk on squareness.
Grade cards given out for first month.
13. Game scheduled with Convoy; they send word they have disbanded. A poor excuse is better than none.
20. The eight little sunbeams, members of Hart's girl band, return and enter the H. H. S. again. It is impossible to control the glee of Wendell and Olen.
21. Mr. A. goes shopping and purchases a new Schumann for his dear high school.
22. Johnson and Battershell act like Siamese twins when Miss Lilly demands the deposit of their gum on the ground below.
23. Garrett football squad reinforced by what appeared to be the whole village, visited Hicksville and carried away the laurels of the game.
26. Monday and as per usual everyone more or less sleepy.
27. Senior Class sell Lecture Course tickets this P. M. Amelia the only one present to tell of the exciting ride of last night.
28. High girls give play, "The Merry Minstrel Maids." Proved big hit, especially by the Senior boys who occupied the boxes. Opera glasses are much in evidence during the evening.
29. "Minstrel Maids" given again.
30. No school. Teachers wander to Toledo.

NOVEMBER

3. Our old classmate Aubby Bear visits High.
4. Miss Cook and Miss F. sport new plaid skirts and bow ties.
6. First edition of "Spoondrift" out. Very good Juniors.
9. Better American speech week. Let's reform.
10. Mary Burgoyne pronounces Raymond H.'s hair "positively lovely, because it's so golden and curly."
11. Armistice day celebrated by half holiday.
12. Vocal demonstration given by Miss Cook in Senior English class. Sometimes the unexpected does happen. She will surely join grand opera.

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Defiance County's
Greatest
Family Newspaper

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Hicksville, Ohio



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Always the Same, Always the Best

Our Sodas and Sundaes are large and luscious

Every trial brings a happy smile

Buy your Candy where its Fresh and Handy

Palace of Sweets

Gust Karageorge, Prop.

13. Regina hopes it continues to stay warm as she hates to quit wearing half ones.
14. Miss F. celebrated today by changing seats. Almost a riot.
18. Miss Cook led chapel this morning. The boys seemed to have lost their voices or their nerve.
19. Some weather for November. William says it makes him feel like playing tag. Go ahead Bill and see if we care.
20. Mercer Pugh visits M. L. and accidentally glances around the room.
22. Mr. L. has evidently taken over a lost and found department.
25. Thanksgiving Day. Well, we're thankful the loss of the football game to Garrett was no greater. Mr. L. has something to be thankful for all right. Congratulations!
29. It seems nothing ever happens on Monday; wonder why—oh yes, Zube has her hair down—doesn't look natural.
30. Did you ever see such weather? Lima Beane or someone said it took a really good man to be able to pick up a safety razor blade from a tiled floor without saying something.

DECEMBER

1. Another new month; well, it won't be long until Xmas.
3. "Distance lends enchantment to one's views of many beauties." Miss Ice, "Do you suppose that includes me?"
4. Regardless of the zero weather, Mr. L. requests all the boys to be out to football practice in their shoes only.
Peppy pep meeting held for last game of season.
5. Mr. Farmer's challenge. Mr. L. says it takes something more than hot air to make a good football team. We all agree.
8. Donaldson writes on English paper: "Devils go in where angels fear to go."
9. Mr. L. instructs Freshmen in course of housecleaning after school.
10. Xmas party at LaRue P. Lights go out? ?Jud, Harold, Miss Ice and Miss Chase chaps?

There's a Philadelphia Battery for every car. It is correct in size and capacity.

It is a Battery which has a guarantee of 18 months, and puts real dependable power and punch into the starting system and keeps it there.

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Hicksville, Ohio

The Store Where Quality, Style, Service and Price
Reign Supreme



The Home of Distinctive Wearing Apparell for Men,
and Women, Boys and Girls

We solicit your patronage and invite you to make
this store your shopping place

12. A little bit of everything doing.
15. Rev. Lilly leads chapel.
16. School lacks necessary current to carry on work. Dismissed. However, noon found most (?) of us back on the job again.
17. Great appreciation shown of new school song by the alarm clock.
18. Wils having gained knowledge enough, leaves the H. H. S.
19. Walter Raleigh would not have to send his cloak to the dry cleaners if he and Queen Elizabeth were living in the present age. Undoubtedly the Queen could afford to own a pair of goloshes.
22. Miss Cook learns that it is easier to cultivate boys' imaginations than their voices.
23. Bub and Mercer visit school; seems like old times.
Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

JANUARY

3. My goodness me, how time does fly. Again we're back in school; we're trying out a Xmas tie and feeling like a fool.
4. Everybody returns full of pep and with a determination to really work. It's them durned New Year's resolutions.
5. Rev. Monosmith leads chapel. Miss Fowler absent.
6. Junior party at schoolhouse tonight. Lights temporarily vanish, but this did not interfere very much with the pleasure of some at least.
7. Work, work, work, did we really have a vacation?
10. Miss Cook in Senior English: "The Catholics have no musical instruments in their choir; they just use a pitchfork."
11. If the Ohio football team had been from Hicksville, the California eleven would never have won.
12. Begin reviews for mid-year exams.
13. Our classmate Edith Grover enters upon the sea of matrimony.
14. Seems good to have Carol back again.
17. Exams!

Everything In Sight

**Save
Your
Eyes**

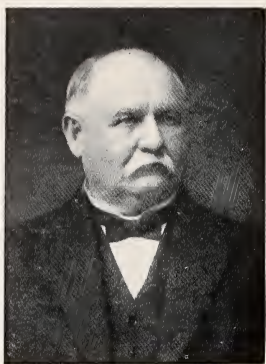
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S. F. Bowser & Co.
(INC.)

Fort Wayne, Indiana
U. S. A.

Compliments of
S. F. Bowser & Co., Inc.
Hicksville, Ohio

18. More exams!!
19. All exams!!!
20. At last, Beany has taken that long talked of trip to Fort Wayne and the sigh-seers report that she fell hard for purple.
21. Gossip has it that Miss Fowler is wearing a diamond, also that he was here over the week-end.
24. Chas.: "Mr. L. asked me to say a few words on cleanliness in chapel." Several short talks given for clean-up week.
25. Mr. L. attends sister's funeral.
26. Senior D. S. girls give six o'clock dinner to faculty.
27. Great care taken by Miss Chase to see that all members of the faculty were present this morning. After a successful tour of the rooms she reports all present.
30. Oratorical society organized.

FEBRUARY

2. February is the messy filling between winter and spring.
3. Selections played on victrola in chapel. It seems Room 5 is now a dressmaking establishment.
4. Mostly rain.
Some faithful member of the H. S. evidently gave the bell a chew as it refused to work.
5. Miss F. gives Senior Physiology class a lesson in grace and poise, said teacher having acquired same.
6. Mrs. Armstrong on leaving: "Good-bye Harry, I'll write before the end of the week." Mr. A.: "Good gracious woman, you'll have to make that check last longer than that."
9. Preparations begun for Carnival.
10. Oh, if something would only happen to break the monotony. Oh yes, fire drill today.

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11. Junior slogan: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy or otherwise."
12. Today is the anniversary of the birthday of Lincoln. We cannot all be Lincoln, but we can better ourselves by following the teachings of this great American.
14. Prepare for the worst. Have someone else open your mail. It's Valentine's Day and people usually say what they think of you.
- Patterns in spring styles—see Mildred L.
17. Mr. R. in bookkeeping: "What's your question now Loren?" Loren: "I've found it."
18. Miss F. in Senior Physiology: "Heads up, shoulders back, feet on the wall." Isn't she funny?
19. Carnival at last. Afternoon off for preparations.
21. Quick Watson, here's the key to the cellar. I need a stimulant, Mr. L. announces there will be no school tomorrow.
23. Several Seniors draw on bank accounts, pins and rings arrive.
26. We hope Harding blue isn't the Monday morning blue.
27. Literary today. Lots of music and visitors.

MARCH

1. This is the month that jeopardizes the weather bureau's reputation.
2. March 1 was neither a lamb nor lion, and yet we would not call it a monstrosity.
3. Dan Cupid pays hurried week-end visits to Hicksville and Plymouth. For more information as to his whereabouts see Miss Fowler or DeLoy J.
4. Increased railroad fare can't keep Mr. Thomas away from Hix. Wonder if she ever told him about the porch swing?
5. Lima Beane says the camera will make people smile when nothing else can please 'em. We hope it's so.
8. Though the robin is here he hasn't proceeded to solve the housing problem yet. His wife does that.

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9. Miss F. absent, thus giving DeLoy plenty of time to compose his love epistle.
11. Miss F. says she has had no experience with children holding their breath.
12. Genevieve: "By doggies, I had that here one minute ago."
15. Lauren B. says it's easy to find the "master mind." Just look in the kitchen window.
17. Miss Cook: "Is Donaldson sick?" Lauren: "No, he tore his trousers."
- Senior girls celebrate St. Patrick's Day by wearing green bows and ties.
19. John B. and Bozy A. stage a boxing bout in Room 4, for benefit of Mr. L. only. Jun'or-Senior debate.
20. Luke McLuke says, "The world doesn't care what you are going to do tomorrow. What did you do yesterday?" Still of some importance—What are you up to today?
23. Mr. A. is informed he shuffles cards like an old hand at poker.
24. English Class expresses opinions as to characters in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Esther says Launcelot is an old sport.
26. Spring vacation begins.

APRIL

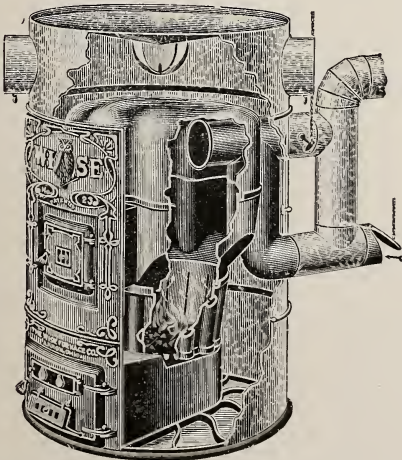
22. Teachers' reception.
29. Junior-Senior banquet.
22. Baccalaureate.
26. Commencement.
27. Class play, "Mary Stewart."

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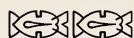
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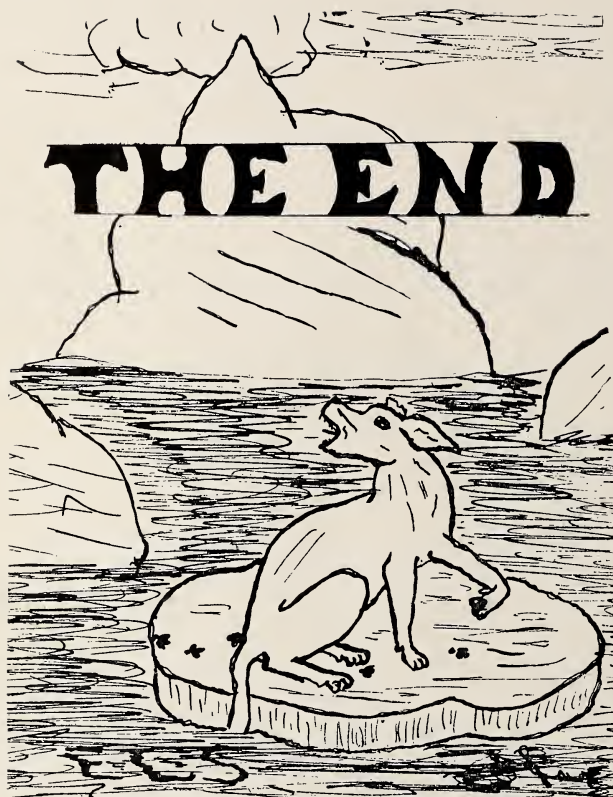
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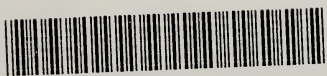
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